

A MEMORABLE MASTERS

Sports Illustrated

APRIL 17, 1967

40 CENTS

BASEBALL 1967

MAURY WILLS
OF THE PIRATES





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Next week

PRO BASKETBALL'S top tale is on the line. Frank Deford reporting. Sun-ups of the series in the east and west divisions provide clues to the eventual champion of the NBA.

THE MARYLAND HUNT, most colorful American race meet, lasts only about eight minutes, but the fashionable parties it is surrounded with go almost nonstop for 48 hours.

OPENING WEEK in baseball takes the questions and experiments of spring training and exposes them to the reality of championship play. A report on the first act of the drama.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

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We have always encouraged our writers to express their opinions below their signatures, even when those opinions represent something less than the unanimous conclusion of the rest of the staff. And, as all of us are well aware, few sports present an opportunity for more assorted conclusions than baseball. Writer X, for example, may argue that the Cincinnati Reds are a much sounder team than they appear to be and should win the pennant by 10 games. Well, that's fine with us and we print it and everyone is happy in Cincinnati. Who isn't happy is Writer Y, who was preparing to announce that the real surprise team of this year's National League race will be the Houston Astros.

This lively divergence of opinion—which really isn't quite as anarchistic as it sounds—adds savor to the creation of our annual Baseball Issue, which you are now reading. The form charts (page 65) on the 20 teams in the two leagues are the work of half a dozen editors and writers working in (more or less) harmony. The unsigned judgments offered in the Outlook section at the bottom of each form chart are the collective opinion of the whole half dozen, and therefore rarely reflect with precision any one opinion. If Writer Z (most of our writers have short names) hears some reader say "I hear you guys are picking Detroit," he beats his head against the wall because he knows that even with Johnny Sain the Tiger pitching just isn't that good. He didn't pick Detroit. Somebody else did. And so on.

As the form charts went to press with SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's group thinking on the pennant races frozen in type, I asked the baseball staff to give me their individual predictions, and I found myself fascinated not only by what they disagreed on but by their

surprising unanimity of opinion in certain odd areas. They couldn't settle on a pennant winner in either league (only two picked the Pirates, only two—and not the same two—picked the Orioles), but four said the Phillies, who are third in the betting odds, would collapse into the second division. And while the Cardinals are rated sixth in the odds, three of our men pick them third and all agree that the Cards will finish in the first division. But though everyone says that Baltimore, Minnesota and Detroit will monopolize the top three spots in the American League standings, there is no agreement on the order. Moreover, two think that the Kansas City Athletics will surprise and finish in the first division but another snorts that the A's will finish ninth. And nobody liked Cincinnati, not even Writer X.

All clear?

As for me, last year I picked the Yankees as my sleeper (they slept). This time I think I'll switch leagues and pick the Dodgers.

Although Florida has lost its baseball teams, now that spring training is over and the season is under way to the north and west, the state is going to gain in its baseball coverage. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is now affixing about 27,000 copies a week from our printing plant in Chicago to Post Office Sectional Centers in Jacksonville, Tampa and Miami. This means that all our Florida subscribers will now have the magazine by Friday each week, and a high percentage will actually receive it on Thursday.

Gary Vail



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ALABAMA

BOOKTALK

A long love affair between man and machine gets tender documentation

It is generally agreed that the proudest product of this century is the modern motorcar. There are now about 80 million cars in the U.S. alone, and the number is increased by nearly eight million each year. Clearly we adore our automobiles.

It was not always that way. In the beginning the motorcar was roundly despised for its noisiness, its toxic fumes, its ability to scare horses and children and, almost from the start, its talent for manslaughter. But Homo sapiens has a way of becoming infatuated with anything that threatens his life. So it took only a little time and Henry Ford to turn man's first cautious curiosity about the automobile into a full-fledged love affair. In a boldly printed volume entitled *Man & Motor: the 20th century love affair* (Walker and Company, \$17.50) Derek Jewell, an auto buff and deputy editor of *The Sunday Times* of London, has assembled a well-chosen cross section of art and commentary to document and illuminate this odd romance. There are photographs and cartoons, essays and poems, taut descriptions and long monologues, encompassing everybody from Andy Warhol to Stirling Moss, from F. Scott Fitzgerald to Jean Shrampon.

The book is divided into four sections: 1) The racers, 2) The makers, 3) The mystique and the mania and 4) The future and the facts of loving. Each has its half-dozen high points, and each is worth a detailed reading.

Automobile racing is motoring at its most romantic. The section on racing begins with a portfolio of champions that carries racing from Emil Levassor, who singlehandedly won the 732-mile race from Paris to Bordeaux and back in 1895, through Jimmy Clark, twice a Grand Prix world champion and winner of the 1965 Indianapolis 500. Some of the drivers have pritty things to say about their sport, *viz.*, the classic statement from Stirling Moss, "There are two things no man will admit he can't do well: drive and make love." Another passage from Moss (originally contained in Ken Purdy's fine biography of the Englishman) captures the very essence of the philosophy of death-defying speed: "You go through a corner absolutely flat out, right on the ragged edge, but absolutely in control, on your own line to an inch, the car just hanging there, the tyres as good as geared to the road, locked to it, and yet you know that if you ask one more mile an hour of the car, if you put another 5 pounds of sidethrust on it, you'll lose the whole flaming vehicle . . . You're on top of it all, and the exhilaration, the thrill is tremendous, and you say to yourself,

all right, you bastards, top that one. . . ." And the aftermath from Phil Hill: "I no longer have as much need to race, to win. I don't have as much hunger any more. I am no longer willing to risk killing myself." Though the passages in this section are short, they are incisive, and slowly an answer to the seemingly unanswerable question, "Why does a driver race?" begins to reveal itself.

The other sections, though unconcerned with competitive driving, are of equal interest. There is a beautiful section on the classic touring and grand-touring cars, and there are two large excerpts from articles which, though relatively new, are already threatening to become motoring classics. The first is from *The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine Flare Streamline Baby* by Tom Wolfe. The second was written by an inmate of Southern Michigan State Prison and first appeared in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* (Feb. 21, 1966). It is a hymn to that up-to-date specialist, the getaway driver. It begins: "In the more hip circles here at state prison it is generally held that the two top drivers of all time were Juan Manuel Fangio and Clarence Heatherton." Fangio needs no introduction. Heatherton might. He was one of the more imaginative getaway drivers.

Surrounding all of this are entertaining excerpts from just about everybody who has anything at all to say about motoring. There is Fitzgerald's description of the wildly glorious tearing car immortalized in his short story *The Diamond As Big As The Ritz*; Henry Miller's facetious account of his romance with a camshaft, Rudyard Kipling's description of an early steam car, Ian Fleming's reasoning for his dislike of all American cars except the Ford, which he praised through his fictional creation James Bond, and a hilarious description by Peter Sellers of buying a maroon Rolls-Royce Mulliner Park Ward two-door sportsster (otherwise known as the R R M P W. 2D S.).

Another section tells what cars certain celebrities like. Malcolm Muggeridge, for instance, prefers a Mercedes convertible, Paul McCartney both an Aston DB6 and a Mini Cooper with a Radford conversion, and Terence Stamp says, "If I can't have a Rolls or an Aston I don't want a car at all."

And finally the poets take over. Ogden Nash begins one poem with "They who make automobiles, / They hate wheels." W. H. Charnock writes, "I knew a man who loved Mercedes / More than liquor, love, ladies, / Were the proud three-pointed star / On tie as well as on motorcar, / On handkerchief and underwear / And, in tattoo, upon his chest. . . ."

In summary, this anthology is well worth its rather hefty price, whether you're a Jimmy Clark or simply a Sunday driver who might need a few lines of cheer the next time the old family car won't crank up on a cold, wet morning.

—KIM CHAPMAN

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SCORECARD

NOT ALL OF THE TIME

CBS came within a few seconds—in fact, exactly 30 seconds—of earning our qualified praise last week. Then. . . Listen, it could be worse. On April 16 CBS will televise its first National Professional Soccer League game. Soccer, of course, is a game in which there are no time-outs except for injuries, so there was this problem about how to do the commercials. The way we heard it there were going to be five 30-second commercials per half before goal kicks, which occur when the ball is kicked above or wide of the goal and over the end line. In these instances, the referee would take his sweet time about getting the ball back into play.

Shucks, it seems we weren't getting the picture. For 30-second commercials read one-minute commercials. According to CBS, it takes an average of 30 seconds for the ball to be put back in play in a real game, so they'll only be stalling for 30 seconds. If you concede that commercials are the price that has to be paid for televised soccer, this still seems to be the least objectionable scheme, since it hardly interferes with the natural flow of the game.

Hockey is another story. Just the other day a game between the Rangers and the Black Hawks took 2 hours and 35 minutes, largely because of time-outs for commercials. Each time play was stopped, an official had to fake doing something. Once Linesman Matt Pavelich seemed to be tying his laces. He was doubled over with laughter.

However, we have little sympathy for those college basketball coaches—invariably losing coaches—who gripe about "officials' time-outs" killing their momentum. If they want to keep their momentum they shouldn't play in televised games. Admittedly, the present way of doing commercials in basketball is far from ideal, but instead of beefing about momentum, the coaches would be better advised to suggest an alternative method.

But we do feel that in hockey and

basketball, as well as in football, and now soccer, the viewers should be apprised that "officials' time-outs," or whatever they want to call them, are being taken for the sole purpose of doing commercials. What is most insulting about TV is its smug assumption that it can always fool the viewer.

OUT OF THE RACE

Sammy Smith, who trains horses for a living, was talking about racing. "Sure, this is a sporting game," he said. "Only trouble is most of the sports haven't got so much money anymore." Which sums up the horsemen's side in their strike against the state of New York that closed down Aqueduct for five days.

Owning racehorses has never been a venture taken solely, or even for the most part, in hope of profit. It's a rich man's game in which 95% of the people who support it take a bath. But racing is no longer exclusively for the extremely wealthy. It is now peopled by many who are simply well-to-do, who understand the odds against them, but who also want something approaching a fair chance to break even.

And they're not getting it in New York. In 1965, the last year for which complete figures are available, only 2.26% of the handle went into purses at Aqueduct—a lower percentage than at any one of the other 20 big Thoroughbred tracks. Fifteen years ago the minimum purse in New York was \$3,500, and it cost about \$8 a day to train and feed a horse. Now it costs about \$18 a day—and the minimum purse is \$3,500.

On February 1 Governor Nelson Rockefeller recommended a bill that would have given the New York Racing Association, a nonprofit organization that operates the tracks in the state, .5% more of the handle to use for purses. It wasn't the 1% the horsemen wanted, but they agreed to accept it. Then, on April 2, the bill was buried in the Rules Committee of the State Assembly.

The next day the Horsemen's Bene-

volent and Protective Association (composed of owners and trainers) voted not to race in New York. The settlement of the strike on Monday may indicate something of a social upheaval in racing: horsemen with big public stables and struggling trainers with one horse have suddenly discovered they've got muscle. As Trainer Bill Hicks said last week: "Somebody better explain to those politicians that we're not asking them to dip into the till and give us anything. We'd just like them to put their hands a little less far into our pockets."

NO PORPOISE

Roger Conklin, a naturalist at the Miami Seaquarium, says he doubts we will ever be able to talk with the dolphin. Explains Conklin: "Dolphins are smart enough to know they have nothing to gain by conversation with man."

MANNA

On more than one occasion we have had the pleasure of relating the fortunes of what is, or was, the country's newest college—the College of Artesia of (where else?) Artesia, N. Mex. (SI, Oct. 24, 1966 et seq.).

The most recent tidings is that Athletic Director Charles Solberg couldn't afford \$220 for a foam-rubber pit pad for his high jumpers and pole vaulters. He tried sand, sawdust and cotton, but, at bottom, they didn't work. Finally Solberg



called the jumpers and vaulters together and told them: "It's your problem. Go out and find a solution."

The athletes trudged off, eyes downcast. Ah, but one, Manuel Rodriguez, looked heavenward and found the solution: a huge, plastic weather balloon was

continued

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SCORECARD *continued*

drifting to earth. Rodriguez and his teammates piled into two pickup trucks and sped after it. The balloon was collapsed over high wires and guarded by cops, who said the students could have it if they could get it down safely.

Which they did, and we hear that, stuffed inside a big nylon netting bag, you couldn't have a happier landing.

A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE

Last week Detroit and Baltimore, the two last-place teams in the NBA, flipped a \$10 gold piece to see which would get first pick in the draft. Baltimore Coach Gene Shue advised Owner Earl Foreman to call heads. Shue had read here (SI, March 20) that in a penny-flipping experiment at Northwestern heads turned up 50.2% of the time, possibly because the back of the penny has slightly more metal, and this extra weight makes the penny land tails down more often.

Sort turned up tails. But don't go away. Last year New York called heads, won and drafted Cassie Russell, while the Pistons were stuck with Dave Bing, who was just voted NBA Rookie of the Year.

SAY IT AIN'T SO, RUFUS

Right now it's a shadow no bigger than a man's crash helmet, but here is this two-foot-high turbojet racing car sort of sneaking around test tracks at incredible speeds. Next thing you know they're liable to have the thing in the Indianapolis 500, and another tradition will be blooey and you might as well take your fried chicken and beer and go to a picture show.

The thing is called the STP-Paxton Turbocar. It has four-wheel drive, a Pratt-Whitney 550-hp turbine engine to the left of the driver, it will run on kerosene—or a splash of Arpege—and it doesn't make any noise. It just swishes down the straightaway at 220 mph with a high, deadly whine that everybody insists is the sound of the space age.

Don't laugh. Jimmy Clark, the 1963 and 1965 world champion, test-drove it at 163.2 mph and oohed. Worse, Rufus Parnell (Parnelli) Jones, of Indy's old guard, hit 162.4 mph and ahed: "She really goes through the short curves—like whoosh!"

Indy watchers say it looks like Studebaker's STP division might just ease the car past the United States Auto Club technical committee, a band of men who grew up in Celluloid collars and are our

continued

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SCORECARD *continued*

last hope. A turbine car was accepted last year but didn't run well enough to make the final lineup. If the new car does, you know how Indy is—everybody will want one, and there goes the last of the two-fisted racetracks.

Half the fun of Indy is in the gas fumes and the hammering vroom, vroom, vroom of cars with real engines to identify with. You can have whiny Indy. Give us cars that roar and rattle and pistons that break and drivers who limp home with oil all over their faces.

HELL'S BELLS

Sometimes it seems that hard work doesn't pay. Take Walter A. Wodarczak of Chicago, who was running a gin mill and small bowling alley—and booking race bets on the side. He had six phones to take bets, but the trouble was he had them on three different floors. When one of the phones in the basement would ring, Walter would race downstairs to answer it. As soon as he got there a phone on the first floor would start ringing, so he would run upstairs, open a trap door and bolt into the bar to pick up the phone. Then the phone on the second floor would ring and he'd bound up more stairs to answer it—only to hear one of the phones in the basement ring again.

The other day the cops walked in and pinched him. Said Walter: "And I had just about saved up enough cash to start thinking about putting in an elevator."

UNDER AND ABOVE

Although we have heretofore been ignorant of the fact, over the past few years the record for marathon games of Monopoly has risen from a measly game of 132 hours played by members of a University of Pittsburgh fraternity (1961) to a game of 600 hours played by 24 McLean, Va. high school students (1966).

Now it seems Monopoly addicts are looking for new worlds to conquer. For example, on April 18, in a swimming pool in Beverly, Mass., scuba divers will attempt to play underwater. To make their game feasible, Parker Brothers, Inc. spent three weeks and \$500 devising and fashioning a special Monopoly set. The board is laminated with cellophane and backed with two layers of magnetic rubber and a steel sheet. Each playing piece is filled with lead wool and has a small magnet at its base, and the 240 pieces of

continued

A close-up, high-contrast photograph of a man's face and upper torso. He is wearing a teal-colored short-sleeved button-down shirt. The lighting is dramatic, with strong shadows on his face and shirt, emphasizing the texture of the fabric. The background is a plain, light color.

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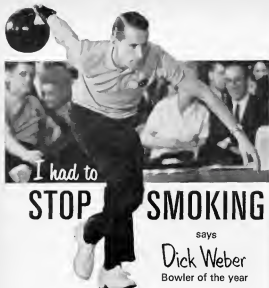
Take the Sprite's new 1275cc. engine. It's the same basic engine that powered prototype Sprites to victory in their class at Sebring and Le Mans. It runs more quietly and smoothly, wears longer with no babying, and raises the horsepower 10%—from 59 to 65.

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Sprite: another action car from the sign of the Octagon.



And I did... with Bantron

I was a 3 to 4 pack-a-day smoker. I hadn't been feeling well and was advised by my doctor to give up my chain smoking habits. It got down to this—either give up cigarettes or give up tournament bowling. Since I was earning my living as a year 'round professional bowler, I decided to quit smoking, though I knew it wouldn't be easy.

I had read about Bantron many times, especially the testimonials from my friends in other professional sports. So I got some and with Bantron's help I stopped smoking completely in just a few days. I haven't smoked for over a year. It was easier than I expected and pleasant to take; it didn't affect my taste for food or anything else. In fact I found my strength coming back, I was able to concentrate on my game better and my cough disappeared.

Maybe you don't have to stop smoking, as I did. Or do you?

If you want to quit, take Bantron. The Bantron formula was discovered by doctors in the research department of a great American university. So startling were the first results obtained with this little pill that further investigation was carried on. For months the research team carefully tested it on hundreds of people. The results showed that 83%—more than 4 out of 5 of all people who wanted to

stop smoking... did so in five to seven days. Even those who didn't stop completely had drastically cut down.

Bantron simply acts as a substitute for the nicotine in your system and helps curb the desire for tobacco with a harmless, non-habit forming drug called lobeline. The result is that you feel no pangs of withdrawal and no desire to smoke.

My own experience with Bantron had an interesting aftermath: the first professional tournament in which I played after I stopped smoking was held in Houston. I felt so good, I actually bowled three perfect (300) games and won the tournament.

Try this amazing little pill. It really works! Bantron is so safe when taken as directed, that you can get it in the United States and Canada at all drug stores without a prescription. It has even been granted a patent by the U.S. government.



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SCORECARD continued

money and the Chance, Community Chest and deed cards are laminated and weighted just enough to "drift to the bottom of the pool."

In addition, at Juniata College in Huntingdon, Pa., the largest Monopoly game ever played is scheduled for April 29. William Dells, Chairman, Monopoly Committee, has written Parker Brothers as follows: "We are using as our board college streets and sidewalks, enclosing an area slightly larger than a city block. The dice shall be carton boxes or styrofoam blocks and shall be cast from the third floor fire escape of our academic building. Walkie-talkies and messengers on bicycles shall be used to inform the players of their moves. The only expense we expect to incur is about \$30 for whitewash to lay out our playing board. We are expecting a grant from Student Government to help defray the cost."

ON THE LEVEL

One night last week a correspondent for the Memphis Commercial Appeal was phoning in the results of a high school track meet held at Woodstock, Tenn.

When he gave the outcome of the 120-yard high hurdles, he concluded: "Time, 13 flat."

"Hey, wait a minute," the rewrite man said. "You've got a national record there. Are you sure about that time?"

"The time's right," the correspondent said, "but we didn't have any hurdles."

No joke. Woodstock Training School is a poor country Negro school, and there were no hurdles in the race because the school has no hurdles. The reason the race was run at all is that it is a customary event in Tennessee high school meets, and hurdles, not dashmen, competed.

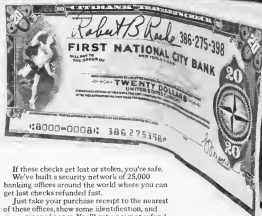
THEY SAID IT

- Melvin (Sunshine) Calvert, trainer of Florida Derby winner In Reality, explaining why he races his horses springily: "To me a horse is like a bar of soap. Every time you wash your hands you take a little of the bar away. That's why I don't race my horses too much and never have. If you do, no soap."
- Don Chargin, Oakland promoter, on Wilt Chamberlain's chances against Muhammad Ali: "How could a guy who misses a stationary free-throw target 489 times in one season hit a man who moves as fast as Clay?"

END

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A GLORY DAY FOR GAY

It happened a year later than it might have, and only after spectacular displays by others had made the tournament unforgettable, but in the end persevering Gay Brewer won a Masters he richly deserved **by DAN JENKINS**

The thing about a lot of touring golf pros is this: if you give one of them enough time for his putter to heat up, he can turn even the most classic of championships into another Pensacola Open. Gay Brewer Jr., a guy in his mid-30s developing a paunch, a man with a loopy swing who has been strolling along on the PGA tour for 10 years achieving no more of an identity than, oh, Julius Finsteraar, did exactly this in winning the 1967 Masters.

For three of its four days, under absolutely glorious Dixie skies, the Masters vibrated with excitement. There was something for everybody. Jack Nicklaus, the defending champion, played like Barbara Nicklaus and missed the 36-hole cut. Arnold Palmer made enough meek charges to please his Army, or at least hold their ever-so-eager attention. For the sentimental, Ben Hogan played a historic nine holes, hitting the ball the way it ought to be hit. And during all of this, a pair of youngsters, Bert Yancey and Tony Jacklin—golfers, not songwriters—stormed the premises with enough frenetic action to give hope that everybody under 30 hasn't grown long hair and lain down in the street. But then came Brewer with that putter, and the Masters took on its newest look since the Battle of Hastings, or however long ago it was that Palmer and Nicklaus started winning it annually.

Brewer won the Masters over the last

six holes on the final day, Sunday, when his blessed mallethead putter led him out of a jungle of contenders that included Bobby Nichols, Julius Boros and Yancey.

He won by suddenly scoring three birdies in a row at the 13th, 14th and 15th holes and then refusing to give up a one-stroke lead under the most testing pressure possible, coming in with a final-round 67 and a 72-hole total of 280, eight strokes under par.

For a while Brewer's putter was the only thing keeping him on the scoreboard at all. He ended the day with 10 one-putt greens, and all but one of them was of such a length that they had to be paced, studied and sweated into the cup. There were no gamies.

Brewer, of course, is the same fellow who came to the last green of the Masters a year ago with a one-stroke lead and there, attempting to play too cautiously, three-putted for a bogey 5. This threw him into a tie with Nicklaus and Tommy Jacobs, and in the playoff he was never a contender, shooting a 78. Which meant Sunday's victory was especially rewarding.

"I may not have looked very nervous out there," Brewer said afterwards, "but, man, I was shakin'. The first time I really thought about last year was when I was walkin' up the 17th fairway. I gave myself a little lecture or, you might say, a pep talk. Sorry, but I don't think you could print what I was sayin'."

Brewer, who grew up in Kentucky and now lives in Dallas, took the lead at the 13th hole when he smashed a four-wood onto the green in two and two-putted for a birdie.

"But it was still up there for a lot of folks to take until the 14th," said Brewer. "That was *really* the putt that got me so juiced up I started chokin'."

Brewer and Nichols, his playing companion, each jammed medium-iron shots into the 14th green for good putts at birdies, and each one, Brewer first from 20 feet, then Nichols from 15, rapped his ball into the hole. "I figured that eliminated everybody but Bobby, and I could see him," said Gay.

Both Brewer and Nichols hit over the dangerous pond at the par-5 15th in two, and if there was a moment when it might have occurred to Nichols that he could pull into a tie, it was here. The tall, quiet former PGA champion was on the green and Brewer was over, confronted with a difficult chip shot. Nichols got his birdie and Brewer chipped poorly, leaving himself a 10-footer to protect his lead.

He rannned it right in and walked away in his lime shirt, looking as if he knew he would sink it all along. That wasn't how he felt, though. "When a boy handed me a cup of water on the 16th tee I could hardly hold it," said Gay. "I didn't know whether I was holdin' the putter or it was holdin' me."

continued

Unusually restrained even at moment of victory, Brewer holds ball aloft in salute after sinking final putt on 18th to beat Bobby Nichols.



Finally they came to the 18th hole. There he hit a safe drive with a three-wood, avoiding any chance of careening into the two new bunkers on the left side of the fairway, and he made certain that his approach with a six-iron would be on the front edge of the green, leaving him an uphill putt.

"Last year all I thought I had to do was hit my approach anywhere on the green. So I left myself a terrible 40-footer, and three-putted. Experience means somethin' here, man. I talked to myself real good out there and did just what I wanted to." His shot was perfect, roughly 16 feet below the hole. And this time Gay Brewer got the victory that he thoroughly deserved as he putted the ball up for a laugh.

For Arnold Palmer, the man who was fully expected to win, it was a peculiarly dull Masters, even though he wound up finishing fourth. Playing not quite sharply enough to get the ball close to the pins, he was six strokes behind the first-day leader, Bert Yancey, six strokes behind Yancey again the second day and five strokes behind Yancey, Boros and Nichols, who were tied for the lead at the end of 54 holes. On each of these days he hit into the creek that guards the 13th green, turning a good birdie hole into a bogey and two pars.

The nearest Palmer came to a charge—as all of the people who let him dry-clean their clothes like to call it—was in the third round when he seemed headed for a 68, or something even better,

going to the 17th green. He three-putted from 20 feet for a bogey and then bunkered his drive at the 18th—the new traps were made for the likes of Palmer and Nicklaus—and bogeyed again, winding up with 70. Briefly on Sunday he seemed to have a chance, but a short eagle putt refused to curl in for him at the 15th, a shot that might have affected everything, even Brewer's putting stroke.

With Palmer and Nicklaus so far off the pace in the first two rounds, the Masters was refreshingly given over to people such as Yancey and a little Englishman named Tony Jacklin, both of whom were there for the first time. Yancey played stylishly all the way, getting the occasional lift of a 60-foot putt dashing into the cup. And Jacklin made pars from behind practically every pine in Georgia, at least until the last day, when he began to think about where he was. For one fleeting minute late Friday he was even the tournament leader.

Still, Yancey's 284 for a third-place finish behind Brewer's 280 and Nichols' 281 was one of the best rookie performances ever at the Augusta National, and Jacklin's tie for 16th will long be remarked upon by the British press.

As unexpected as some of Yancey's or Jacklin's success was, it could not rival the surprise afforded by Jack Nicklaus. Jack had not seemed in his best form coming into the tournament. He had won the Crosby back in January, and nothing more. But the Augusta National course has a habit of bringing out the finest in the top players, especially someone like Nicklaus who can make the best use of the room that the wide fairways of the Masters allow. Regardless of what had come before, it was felt that Nicklaus' youth and power would overcome any other deficiencies. He was the second favorite with oddsmakers at 6 to 1. Palmer, who had been playing beautifully for months, was 4 to 1.

Nicklaus began missing the cut on the first hole of the first round when he hit a high, howling hook into the trees. For the next 35 holes he offered his followers a vast assortment of other funny shots. There was a veering five-iron into the pond at the 11th, a low, drawn three-iron into the azaleas at the 13th, a duck hook off the tee at the 14th. On the way to his Friday 79 he missed the first four greens; in fact, he missed the par-3



Playing in his first Masters, Bert Yancey survived the pressure to stay on top for three rounds.

4th by 70 yards to the left with a four-iron.

All in all, it was the worst golf Nicklaus had ever played in a major championship, even sloppier than at Brookline when he missed the cut in the U.S. Open in 1963. Curiously, he has now missed the cut as the defending champion in the two most important tournaments in the game.

Nicklaus is a sportsman, however, and he did not show the disgust that he must have felt. Wandering around the course the next two days in the green blazer of a Masters champion, Jack smiled and greeted friends and tried to explain his game. "When you do everything as I did, you have no one to blame but yourself. I'd make a mistake, press to make up for it and do something worse. The mistakes multiplied. Well, I've had a little luck here, so maybe a little bad luck won't hurt me. There's always next year."

A gloomier explanation for Nicklaus' failure came from Jack Grout, long the teaching pro at Scioto Country Club in Columbus, Ohio, who has been working with him since he was 9 years old.

"Jack is not the player that he was in 1960, 1961 and 1962," said Grout, relaxing after a sumptuous pheasant dinner at the house that Charlie Nicklaus, Jack's father, rents every year in Augusta. "In those days no one was able to swing a club with such great balance. But he lost it playing against two guys who have no balance at all. [Palmer and Player, obviously.] He used to be able to get back on his right foot and then move forward onto his left perfectly every time. Now he doesn't shift on the downswing. He tries making adjustments in the middle of the swing. He needs to take 90 days off and work and work."

"But he only half listens," Grout added. "All he says is, 'I'm laying it off at the top.'"

When Nicklaus wasn't laying it off at the top, he was laying it off on the Augusta course. It's funny about the touring professionals. They play a lot of supermarket parking lots most of the winter, and then they invariably come to Augusta and criticize the condition of the course. The Augusta National is by far the best-conditioned course they will have seen, but they begin picking at it like a housewife at a washrag sale. As the Masters got under way last week,

there were some remarkable words ventilated about the course's effect on scoring, and some even more remarkable theories as to why certain golfers were doing well and others were doing poorly.

Nicklaus talked of squirly lies, nappy lies, floaty lies, fuzzy lies. This was in reference to the length of the fairway grass. It was too long, the golfers said. The ball was sitting up so that a seven-iron carried 170 yards instead of 140 yards. It flew, in other words.

The unschooled eye could not determine this. The Augusta fairways looked like green grass, strangely enough, and far better manicured than, say, the Rockefeller estate up in Westchester. Ben Hogan said the course was in perfect condition even before he shot his 66,

and Hogan was playing in his 25th Masters. Moreover, he insinuated that it was playing the same for everyone, so what did it matter? And, finally, in the wisdom of his graying years, he added that there were mostly pros in the field who are supposed to know how to hit all of the shots, so did it really make a damn if a man discovered a bunker sitting in the middle of a green? Hogan, of course, was right, and it was Hogan who gave the 1967 Masters more to remember than even Gay Brewer, for Ben, too, sank putts.

There is no way that Ben Hogan's wonderful putting through 54 holes could be explained. He still had trouble taking the putter back; age shreds a man's nerves. But there he was, rapping in 15

continued



Playing in his 25th Masters, Ben Hogan shot a 66 that won the award, if not the tournament.



Four-time winner Arnold Palmer landed in creek guarding 13th green on three straight days.

birdies—more than anyone else in the field—through three rounds. It was easily more birdies than Hogan had made in a major championship in 14 years, or since the 1953 Masters when he shot a 274, then the tournament record.

Over and over he would adjust his stance on the greens. He would line up, get set, then readjust. The throngs, who stood and applauded as he strode onto every green, agonized with him, but there was nothing that either they or he could do.

"I'd love to take the club back quicker, but I can't," he said later.

Hogan has never had trouble taking the other clubs back—and bringing them through with as much perfection as any golfer who ever lived. One of pro golf's clichés is that Ben will still reach more greens in regulation than anyone else in the field. He usually does.

His third-round 66, with a record-tying 30 on the back nine, was one of the epic moments in Masters history. Here was a 54-year-old man for one more fleeting interlude showing them all how it ought to be done, and doing it for pride. As he said, "If the Masters offered no money at all, I would be here, trying just as hard."

There was something magnificently nostalgic about it. After all, Hogan was still wearing the old-fashioned white

billied cap and the trousers with high pleats and cuffs. When he finessed his irons into the greens, each one wired to the flagpoles as if held on track by radar, it was time turned back. It was the young Hogan, a Hogan at Oakland Hills, at Merion, at Carnoustie. They like to build monuments at Augusta. The one to mark this aging hero's back nine on Saturday could be a bronzed walkway over the entire nine holes, from the 10th to the 18th.

It was at the 10th, after an ordinary 36 on the front nine, that Hogan hit a driver into the bottomland of the left fairway and put a seven-iron within six feet of the hole. Hogan always puts seven-irons within six feet of the cup, but this time he sank the putt. At the 11th, another par-4 that goes over a hill and down to a dangerous green hard by a pond, Ben laid a six-iron within one foot of the pin. One foot. Like golfers used to do it. And he made that one. Now came the 12th, that deadly little par-3 over Rae's Creek where club selection is a calculus problem. Hogan rimmed a six-iron right in there, about 12 feet away, and by the time he squeezed that putt in there was hardly anyone among the 30,000 spectators who did not know that William Ben Hogan, a club manufacturer from Fort Worth, had just gone birdie, birdie, birdie through

the toughest stretch of holes at Augusta.

Still, Hogan had only struggled back to even par for the tournament. On the 13th, a par-5 around a bend to the left, backed up with so many azaleas and dogwood it looks like a card section in a football stadium, Hogan stared at the lie—not floaty, not fuzzy, just a slight sidehiller—for a long time. Would he lay up, as he usually does, or would he go for the green in two? He took out a four-wood, and the great mass of people along the upper bank of the fairway exploded into applause and shouts of encouragement. Then he cracked it superbly into the green, pin high, no more than 15 feet from the hole. The eagle putt stopped short, but the next one was easy—even for Ben—and for the first time he was under par and on the leader boards.

After a par at the 14th there was a similar moment of suspense on the par-5 15th as Hogan again studied the shot and went back to his four-wood for another uncharacteristic gamble. And again he put the ball on the green, safely over water, for a try at an eagle, this time from 20 feet. His putt just curved around the right side of the cup, with Hogan crouching and leaning in an effort to guide it, but it was another two-putt birdie. He then parred the 16th and 17th, and drove perfectly off the 18th tee. His five-iron into the last green, as splendidly struck as all of the other shots, stopped 15 feet above the cup. And as he marched up the fairway and onto the green, it was a moment to be remembered for as long as men chase little pellets across pastures. Thousands stood and clapped. The sun beamed down. Ben Hogan held the bill of his old-fashioned white cap and gently nodded. Then he proceeded to drop one last putt for all of those damp-eyed souls. He was in with his 66.

For his age and the importance of the event, it was a teaser-upper. The tournament could have ended perfectly right there, and perhaps for thousands who appreciate the true elegance of shotmaking it did just that.

But for those who appreciate the benefits of a \$20,000 prize and a first major championship, it ended a day later with Gay Brewer, who comes from another time and place. **END**

Defending Champion Jack Nicklaus, sitting in golf cart with Tournament Chairman Clifford Roberts, was just another spectator as Bobby Nichols tied for the lead on Saturday.



THE NEW SPIRIT OF THE 76ERS

The Boston Celtics were falling like the House of Usher—all in a heap, wham! into the depths. They were behind, 3-1, to Philadelphia and their eight years of world supremacy—the finest achievement of any team in the history of professional sports—seemed likely to become just a note in the record books. The approaching hour of defeat, all but inexorable despite a last-stand victory at home on Sunday, brought them one final tribute: they were being beaten by a

team that is bigger, stronger and younger but is, nevertheless, patterned precisely after the Celtics themselves. "They are playing the same game that we've played for the last nine years," said K.C. Jones, not patronizingly but with admiration. "And they've gained respect and confidence in each other." Then, undoubtedly recalling the years when Wilt Chamberlain-led teams hardly displayed the selfless dedication that distinguished and inspired the Celtics, he added thought-

Driving undamant for a layup, Boston's Larry Siegfried is forced to get rid of the ball in midair by Chamberlain's control of the basket area.



Gambling on defense and running relentlessly on offense, both tributes to the dominant play of Wilt Chamberlain, Philadelphia took a commanding lead over the Celtics in the Eastern Division pro playoffs **by FRANK DEFORD**

fully, "They have a real clean attitude."

That attitude, the essence of a champion that now invests the Philadelphia 76ers, was neatly illustrated by a minor incident in a game many years ago. Sam Jones—Sam, the marvelous shooter—had made the grade with the Celtics of Bob Cousy and Bill Sharman. He heard Cousy call to Red Auerbach on the bench, "Get him out, get him out!" and he wondered what he was doing wrong. A few seconds later, when Cousy called

time out, Sam was told: you were not shooting enough. The idea had never occurred to him; it would not have occurred to a player on any other team, either. The reverse—shooting too much, trying for points without regard for his teammates—would have been the likely cause of a player's removal. But the Celtics, aware of Sam's ability, were working hard to set him up, and he had not been shooting enough. That's the kind of team the Celtics were and are,

and that's the kind of team the 76ers have become.

It was fair to remember that about the Celtics at a time when strange things were suddenly visible in their play: Sam and John Havlicek missing shots again and again; Hal Greer getting away from K.C.; Tom Sanders wandering aimlessly on defense where once he strode like a little Bill Russell; and Russell himself, dominated by Wilt Chamberlain, looking, finally, like a little Bill Russell, too.

continued

Handing off to Billy Cunningham, Wilt also screens out Cunningham's man, and Chaf Walker (28) clears out so Billy can drive for a close-in shot.





Red Auerbach saw it all. He sat near the Boston bench, powerless to do anything but watch, with not even a program to squeeze in anguish.

The loyal Boston fans—displaying the mentality that makes it advisable to continue hanning even the mildest sort of provocative literature from their bookstores—were not content to suffer quietly. In the second game, when the Celtics were stumbling and desperate, the boos—real and mean—tore out of the stands. They were directed mostly at Russell, who is, presumably only as good as his last eight straight championships.

The Celtics themselves made no excuse, nor did they have any. Their three defeats were decisive, and they accepted them with style. Yet except for the opening 127-113 rout, those games were close, and there were even times when it seemed they would pull it out as they always had before. Perhaps the most significant came in the second game, the first one in Boston, which the Celtics had to win or fall behind 2-0. That had never before happened in all the championship years. Seven times the Celtics had fallen behind 1-0 or 2-1 but had come back to tie the series. Ten times they had had to win or be eliminated. In those must games they had been 17-0. Now in the 18th, they moved in front 51-47 and then suddenly, as if old, burst far ahead. Russell signaled it by clobbering a Chamberlain shot, and the Celtics were off, all of them. After two quick baskets Sanders swooping down, trailing, ready for the rebound if Bailey Howell missed the layup—saw it drop in, and in the pure exhilaration of the old Celtic chase he gave a little jump for joy, rising like a kid off his tippy-toes and flapping his arms. But Philly came right back with eight straight points, soon caught up and then moved ahead for good. The only sounds in Boston Garden came from the Celtic bench, the players there pleading for their teammates on the floor to call time-out so they could try to recover.

The Celtics did come back, to within a point, with 1:48 left. They did it with a pressing team, consisting of Russell and Havlicek and three guards—K.C., Larry Siegfried and rookie Jim Barnett. At this point everyone expected that Russell would bring another shooter into the game, Sam or Bailey Howell

(who had shot 11 for 15). Instead, he played a pit hand, and after Chamberlain sank a foul the Celtics missed five straight shots before Wilt finally cleared the ball. Boston never scored again.

Afterward, Russell said that the decision not to substitute was his own. At least he had had a time-out to deliberate this point. At other times the Boston bench—looking like the Lost Boys when Peter Pan was away fighting pirates on his own—seemed out of sight, out of mind. It may be true that not even a complete series like this one furnishes the clinching argument against the idea of the playing coach. But logic indicates that a man playing 48 minutes *and* in the pivot *and* against Wilt Chamberlain can scarcely hope to match wits with a man like Alex Hannum, presiding vigilantly over the Philly bench.

It is worth noting, too, that St. Louis did not beat San Francisco in the Western playoffs until the only other NBA player-coach, Richie Guerin, removed himself from the starting lineup for the third game. Truc, Guerin was acting primarily for reasons other than just to obtain thinking room. He wanted to get Joe Caldwell (a 6'5" forward) into the lineup to shadow Rick Barry, and at the same time he wanted to keep his own high-scoring corner man, Lou Hudson in the game. Caldwell guarded Barry, holding him to 11 points below Barry's playoff average against St. Louis, and then Joe switched with Hudson on offense, playing guard. Guerin used the same strategy in the fourth game and won again, though an ankle injury to Barry also helped the Hawks.

Russell had a lineup change himself for the third game. He started two from his pressing team, Havlicek and Siegfried, in place of Sanders and K.C. The Celtics pressed from the first, and the two teams were soon putting on a running exhibition that would have filled all the requirements for an adequate substitute program at Aqueduct. Such a tempo was bound to produce errors, but at the same time it was superb basketball. It was seesaw, but not in the usual basket-trading sense. Instead, the balance would shift for whole minutes, depending on who controlled the breaks.

Philadelphia won 115-104 because Chamberlain was better than Russell

and because, on those occasions when the teams set up outside, the 76er shooting by Hal Greer and Wally Jones was more consistent than Boston's. Except for his petulant expressions at errors and whistles, Chamberlain was magnificent. He set a playoff record of 41 rebounds, many of them coming because he was trailing every Boston break and grabbing missed shots when he should have been gasping for breath at the other end of the floor. "I've never moved so much in my life," he said later. "Not even the night I scored 100." That says more about the way Chamberlain played in the series than all the testimonials offered by others. On offense there was no pressure on the 76ers to set up and wait for him to move into the pivot. On the contrary, by throwing the long lead pass repeatedly, Wilt was taking himself out of the offensive play, giving his fast-breaking teammates the scoring advantage. On defense his conscientious support allowed them to play the aggressive, gambling game that the Celtics have used with Russell for a decade.

A few hours before this game Hannum had gone to his favorite restaurant, Kelly's on Mule Street, a seafood place. With him was Danny Biasone, the man who invented the 24-second clock that saved pro basketball. Danny Biasone also invented the Philadelphia 76ers. At the time, in 1946, they were a semipro team in Syracuse, and all Biasone wanted was to play the Rochester team. But Rochester would not play him. Somebody told Biasone that Rochester belonged to something called the National League, which had an office in Chicago, so Biasone figured one way to make Rochester play him was to get in the National League, too. He called Chicago. "They told me," he said to Hannum, "sure you can get in. Just put a \$1,000 certified check in the mail." Biasone sent the check, and that was the way the Philadelphia 76ers began.

There is not much of Syracuse left on the 76ers now, but Danny Biasone came down to Philly to see how far his \$1,000 had gone. Hannum and Biasone had the clams and then the flourier. They were relaxed and cheerful. Their team had given Philadelphia its biggest edge over Boston since young Ben Franklin changed his residence. **END**

PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER BOSS, JR.

Taking one off the defensive board, Wilt set a record of 41 rebounds in this third game. Many of them started successful fast breaks for Philly.



DISASTER AT A THORNY BARRICADE

The Grand National at Aintree was a solid British steeplechase until the 23rd fence. There it turned into a Wild West rodeo that let Formaven, an unloved 100-to-1 shot, slide past the favorites to victory **by WHITNEY TOWER**

At dawn on race day the rain and mist swept in to make the dismal city of Liverpool even more so. By midmorning, with the temperature in the 30s, this gray blanket covered the area for miles around. It smothered the sprawling acreage that is Aintree race course, where through the night extra undermired consumables with watchdogs kept an eye on the stables, the rambling old stands and the course of the Grand National Steeplechase itself (if even vandals had played havoc with many of racing's most famous and difficult obstacles). The blanket also covered Liverpool's Adelphi Hotel, where the hunt-and-jump set of many nations had

dined and gaily boozed its way through the suspenseful hours before what most of them believe to be the greatest horse race in the world.

As the dampness settled in to establish the tone of a day whose traditions go back to 1837, when the Grand National was first run, the lives of the people moved at different paces. At Aintree most of the 44 runners left their stalls for final short gallops over the firm turf, which by post time would become somewhat softer and vastly more slippery. Some 20,000 citizens of Liverpool were bundling up for a journey to see the soccer heroes of their own Everton play Nottingham Forest. At the Adelphi

Hotel, where revellers' hangovers were duly nursed in appropriate fashion, the morning was spent digging through an avalanche of spotting papers. British papers go whole hog on racing news, particularly in the field of handicapping and selections, and on National Day the hungry punter can choose from a menu of at least two dozen remarkably dissimilar opinions.

Most of the peerage talk centered on a small group of lukewarm favorites. Such horses as Bassnet, Honey End, The Tessa and What A Myth found themselves in this group through proven ability, while others drew large backing for a variety of reasons, sentimentality

With Rider Buckley still hanging on, *Limelink* falls at the 22nd fence (left), rises (right), visibly frightened but not seriously injured



not being the least of them. There was, for instance, Freddie, runner-up to Jay Trump in 1965 and to Angelo last year. Surely, said some, it must be Freddie's turn now. And there was defending champion Angelo himself. Last year he carried the colors of the late Stuart Levy and beat Freddie by some 20 lengths. After Levy's death in June, Angelo was sold to Sidney Terry for \$14,000, and two months ago Terry sold him to Lexington Horseman John Gaines for \$42,000. Gaines subsequently found a partner in James J. Houlihan, honorary chairman of the board of New York's William Esty advertising agency and a newcomer to racing. But sentiment for Angelo was based not so much on hopes for a repeat victory by this 9-year-old chestnut gelding, or even for a victory by American ownership, as it was on the popularity of the horse's trainer, Fred Winter. In a remarkable career Winter had ridden two National winners (in 1957 and 1962) and then in 1965, his first year of training, had popped up to win with the American horse Jay Trump. He won again with Angelo the very next time around.

Sentiment drooled heavily, too, in the direction of Different Class, owned by Movie Star Gregory Peck and trained by hard-luck Peter Carelet, who had had the race won in 1956 with the Queen Mother's Devon Loch when his horse spread-eagled from fright or utter exhaustion only 50 yards from the winning post. Peck had seen his first National in 1950 and had watched his Owens Sodge come in seventh in 1963. Dancing with his wife, Veronique, at the Adelphi the night before this year's race, Peck was warmly greeted by Owner John Gaines, who knows a thing or two about winning big pots when there are no jumps. This Gun Bow nosed out Kelso in the 1964 Woodward, and last August his Kerry Way won The Hambletonian. "What about a \$500 side bet, horse against horse?" proposed Gaines to Peck. "If neither horse finishes, the

bet is off." Millionaire Peck smiled down on Millionaire Gaines and put out his hand. "You're on," he said. Neither man collected \$500 the next afternoon.

There was backing also for such taps as Leedsy, Kilburn, Solbina, Rutherford, Greek Scholar, Red Alligator and even Packed Home, owned by Raymond Guest, the U.S. Ambassador to Ireland, whose Larkspur won the 1962 Epsom Derby. Sentiment was carried to its extreme with bets placed on the combination of 67-year-old Rider Tim Durant from Beverly Hills, Calif., and his 11-year-old gelding, Aerial III. A year ago Durant had ridden King Pin in the National and the pair had lasted until King Pin ran out of gas and pulled himself up at the 20th fence. This time, before he faced possible amputation of his right leg because of cancerous tumors or, as he preferred to joke about it, "before my daughter has me committed for being insane," Durant was determined to make it all the way. A price of

25,000 to 1 was being quoted he wouldn't finish, and he was offered a case of champagne if he could get over Becher's Brook the second time around, the 22nd fence of the 30 to be jumped. The "galloping grandfather," as the British press has nicknamed Durant, gave it a galloping good try before falling at the 19th fence.

In spite of the encouragingly nice things being said about most of the 44 Grand National starters, a few managed to get the back-of-the-hand treatment from the London experts. Charles Benson, of the *Daily Express*, analyzing each horse, had this to say about an obscure 100-to-1 shot named Founavon, winless in 14 starts: "Has no chance. Not the boldest of jumpers. He can be safely ignored, even in a race noted for shocks." It sounded like a sensible analysis, considering that Founavon had been 1,000 to 1 in a future book the Thursday before the race. Among the people who completely agreed with Benson were, curiously,

Continued

ly enough, both Foinavon's owner, Cyril Watkins, and his trainer, John Kempton, Watkins thought so little of his horse's chances that he decided to stay home and get a better and more sheltered view of the miseries on television. Trainer Kempton also was having none of it. He packed his father, Jack, off to Aintree to saddle the unloved 9-year-old bay, while he himself buzzed off to ride *Three Dons*, another horse he trains, in the first at Worcester.

Kempton won the first at Worcester, all right. And an hour and a quarter later, in front of some 50,000 drenched spectators (and another 200 million watching on the BBC Eurovision band), Foinavon captured one of the weirdest Grand Nationals ever run. Coming in at 100 to 1 (444 to 1 on the tote) under the nervous guiding hands of little-known 26-year-old Jockey Johnny Buckingham, Foinavon reached the winning post 15 lengths ahead of post-time favorite *Henley End* (15 to 2), who beat out 30-to-1-shot *Red Alligator* by another three lengths, *Greek Scholar* (20 to 1) was fourth, just ahead of Raymond Guest's long shot, *Packed Home*. The longest-shot National winner in 20 years led home a forlorn parade of only 18 finishers. A massive pileup at the 23rd fence had dashed the hopes of more than 20 runners, including most of the favorites.

Disasters have a way of striking with little or no warning, and that's the way it happened at Aintree. The first time around in this four-mile 856-yard grind was relatively peaceful, although *Bassnet* had been unlucky enough to go down at the first fence. Then, at the 15th, known as *The Chair*, John Gaines's *Anglo* slammed into another horse and was finished. Long shot *Popham Down* lost his rider early but continued running, weaving his way in and out of the front-runners and posing the very sort of threat that jumping riders abhor. Shortly after the field, now spreading out, completed the first 16 barriers with a minimum of losses, the riderless *Popham Down* took the lead. He got by *Becher's* the second time, followed by *Rutherford's*, whose trainer, Tim Molony, had been so desperate to start him that he had sent the horse out with slivers of glass in one foot, which was protected only by a leather covering.

No great damage at *Becher's*, but now, as the audience awaited possible trouble at always dangerous *Canal Turn*, two fences away, the 1967 Grand National was about to make the history books. Aintree's 23rd fence (it is also the seventh) is no awesome backbreaker. It is a typical thorn fence, slightly more than four feet high and nearly three and a half feet thick. It is not the sort of fence to

bother even a run-of-the-mill fox hunter, and to a Grand National rider it represents something of a refreshing pause between *Becher's* and *Canal Turn*. But riderless horses can change that, and in the space of approximately 10 seconds that is exactly what the daring, nimble *Popham Down* proceeded to do.

Tiring of his lonely journey, *Popham Down* reached the thorny 23rd fence and stopped dead. He turned sideways and then met another riderless horse. The two of them formed an eight-legged blockade directly in the path of the oncoming herd. *Rutherford's* and *Castle Falls* were the first to hit the blockade, followed by *Limelink*—and the gruesome battle for survival was on. Horse after horse piled into the fence's takeoff point, stepping in bewilderment because there was no room to jump. Horses were flying into the fence so fast that at least four jockeys sailed clear over it as though shot from a catapult. Landing roughly on the other side, they picked themselves up and sprinted desperately for safety. Gregory Peck's *Different Class* was among those who finished the race at the 23rd.

Behind the first flight of runners in any Grand National are those whose trainers do not adhere to the get-out-in-front theory. "Fox-hunt it around the first time," they tell their riders. "Stay back, pick your spot and avoid trouble. You'll have more room, less competition and more speed left the second time around." Among the riders who were doing their best to follow such instructions was young Johnny Buckingham on Foinavon. "He was jumping super all the time," said the bewildered jockey later, "but after *Becher's* we were still at least 25 lengths behind the pack. I saw everything stopping in front of me, and I had the time to go to the outside, to the right of the trouble, and we just hobbled over the fence. But, to tell the truth, I had been so far behind I didn't realize I was now in front!"

Away Foinavon flew, but it was not until Valenine's, two jumps later, that Buckingham looked up and saw there was nothing at all in front of him. Incredibly, Foinavon and Buckingham, who only seconds before had been in 22nd place, were now a full fence in front of the entire field. Some horses and riders were frantically struggling to regain their footing and either get out of the way or start up again, and the confusion was



Foinavon and Johnny Buckingham, with a police escort, parade in unexpected glory.

continued



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maddening. As some later runners came into the 23rd desperately looking for takeoff room, they had to avoid other mounts retreating for a second try at the jump, which by now was all but demolished. One horse, two-time runner-up Freddie, refused the obstacle twice before finally making it and going on to be the 17th of the 18 finishers.

Jockey Josh Gifford aboard Honey End was a little luckier. Like Foinavon Honey End was in the last flight approaching the 23rd. Honey End refused at the pickup, but Gifford wheeled him around and galloped him a good 50 yards back before turning around for a successful jump and then an unsuccessful chase of the 100-to-1 shot who was now a good 200 yards in front and virtually home free. "We were going like a bomb the rest of the way," said Gifford afterward, "but when you're that far behind you know you've not much chance. I was just hoping John would fall off."

But Johnny Buckingham, who had been over the National course (or part of it) only once before, in a shorter steeplechase last year, did not fall off. He watched Gifford and Honey End close the gap during the last half mile but, he remembers, "I just kept kicking on all the way. Then at the very last I let my horse sort of fiddle and didn't even bother to look back." A few moments later, when a new fan asked him for his autograph, Buckingham nervously replied, "I've got to do it on a table because I'm shaking like a leaf. Nobody is more surprised than me!" The youngster, who had only gotten the mount on Foinavon four days before the race, had made history on an inconsistent plodder who is so habitually off his feed that his box stall at Trainer Kempton's yard in Compton, Berkshire is shared by a goat named Susie—his inspiration. Last week Susie saw to it that Foinavon fueled up enough to win the world's toughest race.

In the years to come—or even this week, for that matter—few horsemen will claim that the best horse won the 1967 Grand National. There will be the usual arguments about cruelty (although, miraculously, only one horse, Vulcano, was seriously injured and destroyed) and a good deal of talk about the inferior quality of much of the field. Be that as it may, the National is a

Continued



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GRAND NATIONAL *Continued*

unique race with a rich tradition, and part of that tradition is the role that sheer luck plays in its outcome. But luck isn't everything. As Rider-Author John Lawrence aptly puts it, "To win a modern National a horse needs a combination of qualities which very few possess. These qualities are safe, economical jumping (flamboyant brilliance, if not actually undesirable, is unnecessary), the stamina to last every yard of four and a half miles and the courage to go on galloping and jumping despite discomfort, interference and the constant threat of danger."

Last Saturday, not with just a little bit of luck but with a great deal, Forman met those qualifications. Whether he or any other steeplechaser will have similar opportunities to put himself to this demanding test in the future remains to be seen. Aintree Entrepreneur Miss Mirabel Topham has probably overseen her last National. She has talked of selling the land to a housing developer, but hope is strong and the chances are excellent that the Lancashire County Council will take over Aintree. In that case the future of a race that would surely wither and die if an attempt were made to move it, fence by fence, to any other location would depend, according to Lawrence, "on the ability of the racing world to fit a successful racecourse into whatever development scheme the local authority adopts."

If the admissions-paying British public has slackened off in attendance at the Grand National and at other races, too—the horsemen have lost none of their personal enthusiasm for the great steeplechase. Much of the public has found it more convenient to stay home, bet over the telephone and watch the race on TV, the coverage of which is excellent. For its Grand National program the BBC used 18 cameras, some of them on cars speeding along the outside of the track and just ahead of the jumpers. The announcing by such professional racing authorities as Peter O'Sullivan, Clive Graham and Michael O'Hehir gives the show tremendous impact, far more than anything yet seen on an American screen. But for hunt-and-jump however the screen is not the answer. The thing is to be there, and to participate. And in recent years more and more Americans have been participating.

continued

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Manufactured in U.S.A.

WESTCLOX
WESTCLOX COMPANY
GENERAL TIME

GRAND NATIONAL revisited

Although, in the past, National victories by the late F. Ambrose Clark and Mrs. Marion duPont Scott made news of a sort in America, it remained for the spectacular success in 1965 of Mrs. Mary Stephenson's Jay Trump, with Tommy Smith up, to give more of a boost to U.S. steeplechasing than all the triumphs that had preceded it. Shortly before Jay Trump, America had shared in a less heralded victory. Ron Woodward, a 53-year-old Indianapolis investment executive, spent two years during World War II directing troop movements in Liverpool. He was billeted, of all places, under the grandstand at Aintree.



Guin Gregory Peck saw no Hollywood ending.

tree. Reading through various steeplechase-racing histories, he became a racing fan and set a goal for himself: to win the Grand National someday. When his Team Spirit won in 1964, Ron Woodward was there on his old home ground to accept the trophy, along with Co-Owners Gamble North and J. K. Goodman. Now Gregory Peck wants his turn. And so does John Gaines. And so will many more Americans in the years ahead. Though the Grand National may be worth only £17,500 to the winner, it will always be the greatest of all days for him. And don't think that for the rest of his life Trainer John Kempton won't regret that on April 8, 1967 he chose the first race at Worcester over the third at Liverpool.

END

Sneaker-wearing for beginners.

"Beginners?!! Are you kidding? Who the heck has never worn sneakers?" you're probably saying to yourself.

No, we haven't lost our marbles. We realize that most of you, at one time or another, have worn sneakers. To play tennis. Or softball. Or handball. Or tag.

However, that's athletic sneaker-wearing. What we're talking about is non-athletic sneaker-wearing. (That is, wearing sneakers, no sports attached.)

So, if you're one of the many unfortunate Americans who have not yet experienced the sheer joy of non-athletic sneaker-wearing, pay attention. It is for you that we offer these simple but brilliant suggestions.

To start out with, it is imperative that you buy the right sneaker (and the left one, too). We recommend a pair of white

Keds® Champion Oxfords. Champion Oxfords are more universally accepted than other sneakers. So the chances of people pointing to your feet and laughing are very slight.

The outfit that we suggest for the beginning sneaker-wearer is a real humdinger: a pair of chinos (any color), a gray shetland sweater (or a sweatshirt, which is sort of a cheap gray shetland sweat-

er) and a pair of white sweat socks.

We also suggest that you carry a rubber ball in your back pocket (for the first couple of weeks, at least). So if any wise guy says, "Hey, Henry, how come you're wearing sneakers?" you can always tell him you're going to play ball as soon as you finish doing what you're doing.

(Keds Champion Oxfords are also excellent for athletic sneaker-wearing.)

Which brings us to our last suggestion. Don't try to keep your sneakers clean. Please. Lily white sneakers are the mark of the novice.

Let your sneakers pick up smudge marks where they may. Wash them every month or so (Champion Oxfords are machine-washable, too). And in a few months, they'll turn a nice musty gray (except for the blue Keds label, which will turn a nice musty blue).

Then, you'll be ready to go seek out a beginning sneaker-wearer and look down your nose at him.

Keds MADE IN U.S.A.



Don't go too far from home at first.

The official sneaker sock.

Congratulations! You're not a novice anymore.



Your shoeshine kit.





*Budweiser
is the best reason
in the world
to drink beer*





Never before have baseball fans in the various towns in the major leagues had so much to hope for as the season began or so much to argue about. A month of midwinter madness shuffled nearly a score of stars and near-stars from club to club and league to league

TRADE IN WINTER, HOPE IN SPRING

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT

Normally at this time of year all that is required of a speaker is that he stand on a rostrum in front of the American flag and quote *Casey at the Bat* without mentioning that the out pitch was a spitter. Something is also supposed to be said about how the charms of the grand old pastime is that it never changes, that, unlike other sports, baseball is the only game to have withstood the tyranny of time.

Sorry about that, sports fans. Please turn back for just a moment and look at the cover again. When Maury Willis, that pirate, becomes a real Pirate, that's change. Now go forward and look at the folio of color pictures that follows and you will notice that Roger Maris is now a St. Louis Cardinal, that Jimmy Hall and Don Mincher are Angels and

that the halo no longer hovers over Dean Chance's head. How pleasantly strange. How splendidly changed, Little Floyd Robinson, formerly of the White Sox, is wearing a new uniform too—new for Robby and new for the Reds, because the team's new owners are changing lots of things in an effort to erase some of the discouraging memories of the recent past. Clete Boyer has moved his fine glove to Atlanta, so he and the Braves are changed. Somehow Tommy Davis is a Met this year and Ron Hunt a Dodger, Dick Ellsworth is a Phillie and Ray Culp a Cubbie. The old pastime never changes, eh? It has never changed more.

For the first time the All-Star Game is going to be played at night so that the nation can watch it on television; even when it was played on a weekday after-

noon in July enough people snuck away from work to make it one of the biggest TV attractions of any year.

Perhaps you remember that old service expression that went, "If it moves, salute it. If it doesn't move, pick it up. And if you can't pick it up, paint it." Yankee Stadium has been painted—white. It looks good, too, which is important since those marvelous Mets have a radio-television sponsor who has a new advertising campaign that goes, "You have to be good to make it in New York."

Mike Shannon of the Cards is playing third, and Mickey Mantle of the Yankees is playing first. Dick McAuliffe, Detroit's All-Star shortstop of 1966, is sliding over to second base, and Pete Rose of the Reds is moving. rossant

Deeper Joe Brown of Pittsburgh sits by the mashing base that have made him Presses National League favorite.

from second to left field where, he says, "It sometimes gets very lonely." Eddie Mathews, who has played more games at third base than any man in the history of the National League, is moving across the infield to try things at first base for the Houston Astros.

There are more changes. Stan Musial, for instance, is now the general manager of the Cards because Bob Howsam became general manager of the Reds, while Bing Devine became the new president of the Mets because Bob Howsam went to St. Louis in the first place three years ago. Joe Adcock, all 6 feet 4 and 260 pounds of him, is going to manage the Cleveland Indians. The Tigers have a new brain trust, the Kansas City A's

some hope and the Los Angeles Dodgers a Star of David hanging limply in the window now that Sandy Koufax has retired to become an announcer for NBC's Game of the Week. You have to wonder how good he will be starting with six days rest. And has any pennant winner ever changed as much from the end of one season to the start of the next as those Dodgers? With Koufax gone and Wills and Tommy Davis, too, how many people can the Dodgers draw? In the last five seasons Los Angeles pulled 21,500,000 spectators at home and on the road. Should the Dodgers not be a contender this season, the entire economy of the National League may change more than a little.

Undoubtedly you have been aware of the sounds of spring coming from the training camps, fine sounds that echo the hopes and frustrations of the game and of those who play it. Mayo Smith, the new manager of the Tigers, says, "I'll take 95 wins, and the boys can come at me." Dave Bristol, the entertaining 33-year-old manager of the Reds, is not kidding when he says, "We hope to have the attitude of the Green Berets: seek out and destroy." From Willie Mays, "We need more double plays to take us out of innings. I hope Tito Fuentes, our shortstop, uses the bag glove I bought him instead of that little Mickey Mouse one he used last year that sometimes let the balls go by." Bob Gibson, the excellent pitcher for St. Louis, says, "Maybe this season Curt Flood and I will finally catch up with The Other Guy. We been after him a long time. He's the one they talk about when you walk into a restaurant and they say, 'Mr. Gibson, Mr. Flood, it would be perfectly all right with me if you ate in this restaurant, but I don't make the rules. The Other Guy does.'"

It looks, too, like Boston might have an entertaining manager in Dick Williams, who watched his team rally for 10 runs in the ninth inning one day this spring and beat the New York Mets 23-18. When Williams was asked if he had ever seen a game to compare with that one, he thought a moment and said, "Certainly not in the major leagues. Not in the minor leagues, either. In fact, not even at American Legion Post 601 in Pasadena." Eddie Stanky, the manager of the White Sox, had some acid words to offer one day at Sarasota: "It's different this year. Last spring we had all the television cameramen and all the tape recorders and all the magazine photographers with their color film, but for some reason we haven't seen too much of all that this spring. It couldn't be because we finished fourth, could it? But look out for this little team lying in the weeds."

Al Lopez spoke with the pride of an old baseball man when he said, "I'm certainly no expert on football or supergames, but if the World Series played to only two-thirds of capacity after the greatest free advertising campaign in the history of sports there would probably be a congressional investigation." And maybe a woman in a large blue hat said it all about this strange new season

JOE BROWN'S MAJOR TRADES

OBTAINED	FROM	FOR	DATE
BUILDING THE 1960 WORLD CHAMPIONS			
OF BILL VIRDON	St. Louis	OF Bobby Del Gaudio P Dick Littlefield	May 17, 1956
IF OCK SCHOFIELD	St. Louis	IF Johnny O'Brien IF Gene Freese	June 15, 1958
3B DON HOAK C SMOKY BURGESS P HARVEY HADDIX	Cincinnati	IF Jim Pindleton P Whammy Douglas OF Frank Thomas OF Johnny Powers	Jan 31, 1959
C HAL SMITH	Kansas City	P Dick Hall IF Ken Hamlin	Dec 9, 1959
OF GINO CIMOLI P TOM CHENEY	St. Louis	P Ron Kline	Dec 21, 1959
P WILMER MIZELL	St. Louis	IF Julian Javier P Ed Brube	May 27, 1960
MARKING TIME			
P DON CARDWELL IF JULIO GOTAY	St. Louis	SS Dick Groat P Otoniel Olivo	Nov. 19, 1962
OF TEO SAVAGE	Philadelphia	3B Oen Houk	Nov. 28, 1962
OF JERRY LYNCH	Cincinnati	OF Bob Skinner	May 23, 1963
BUILDING THE 1967 FAVORITES			
C JIM FAGLIARONE P OEN SCHWALL	Boston	1B Ock Stuart P Jack Lamabe	Nov. 24, 1962
OF MANNY MOTA	Houston	OF Howie Gots	April 2, 1963
IF JOSE PAGAN	San Francisco	IF Dick Schofield	May 22, 1965
OF MATTY ALOU	San Francisco	P Joe Gibbon IF Ooze Virgil	Dec. 1, 1965
P PETE MIKKELSEN	New York (AL)	P Bob Friend	Dec. 10, 1965
P BILLY O'DELL	Atlanta	P Don Schwall	June 15, 1966
P JUAN PIZARRO	Chicago (AL)	(Cub)	Nov. 28, 1966
3B MAURY WILLS	Los Angeles	IF Bob Bailey IF Gene Michael	Dec. 1, 1966
P OENNIS RIBANT	New York (NL)	P Oen Cardwell OF Oen Bosch	Dec. 16, 1966

as she looked out at the field from her box seat at Al Lang Field in St. Petersburg. "Somehow," she said, "Yogi Berra doesn't look like himself this year."

Thus the 1,620-game marathon begins, and the World Series will still be played in the towns the winning teams represent. But which towns and which teams? The American League, its often-shattered prestige somewhat restored by last season's Baltimore's sweep of the Dodgers, is generally considered to be in for a three-club race, with the Orioles, Tigers and Twins fighting it out. Few expect the Orioles, as good as they are, to trot home as comfortably as they did in 1966. And remember Eddie Stanky's words about that little team in the woods, because the Sox appear to have more pitching and speed than even they have had in a long time.

The National League, as always, is a puzzle, particularly if you recall that it took the Dodgers until 7:10 p.m. on the final day of the season to win the 1966 pennant. How much has Puvol Richards been able to accomplish with Atlanta's shaky pitching and defense? If he has done what he has often done in the past, the Braves, now settled in Atlanta, could improve 10 games very easily. The St. Louis Cardinals look like a solid club, too. One of the lesser publicized changes, San Francisco's acquisition of Pitcher Mike McCormick, could make the Giants very strong again. With Larry Jackson and Dick Ellsworth and Chris Short and Jim Bunning, the Phillies have the top starting four—two left, two right—in the league.

But, despite all this, one team has become a heavy favorite to win in the National League. It's the Pittsburgh Pirates, the most changed of all the clubs save the Dodgers. There are quite a few people who believe that Pittsburgh has the potential to run away with the National League Championship. But potential is a huge word in baseball.

It was Joe Brown, the 48-year-old general manager of the Pirates, who started the rash of trades. On November 28 at the baseball meetings in Columbus, Ohio, Brown bought Juan Pizarro, a 19-game winner for the White Sox in 1964, from Chicago. In the next month or so, more than 40 players had been traded, among them many of the game's best-known names. Brown himself pulled off one of the biggest and most discussed of the trades when he got

Maury Wills from Los Angeles. Joe had read the stories about Dodger Owner Walter O'Malley being angry at Wills because Maury had jumped the Los Angeles team during its tour of Japan following the World Series. "The more stories I read," Brown says, "the more I began to believe them. But I also thought that [General Manager] Buzzie Bavasi would not want to trade him within the National League, and especially not to a contender like us. I kind of gave up on any initial steps. Then I saw Buzzie at lunch one day and asked him if he would be interested in Bob Bailey, because I remembered that the Dodgers were very interested in Bailey when we signed him six years ago. Bavasi said 'yes' but he added that he had to get a shortstop back if Wills were traded. I suggested Gene Michael to him, and he said, 'Bailey and Michael for Wills? That's worth talking some more about.' Later that afternoon at a meeting of officials he slid a note over the table to me that read, 'Who is that SS again?' I sent a note back that said, 'Gene Michael, the International League's All-Star SS last year. You ought to know him, he played against the Dodgers late in the season.' Bavasi winked and indicated that we would talk more, and at a United Airlines cocktail party that evening we did. People kept coming around us, and I asked them to please go away because we had something cooking. Buzzie left the room, and I think he went to talk to the Yankees, who were also interested in getting Maury. About 25 minutes later Red Patterson, Buzzie's assistant, came into the room and said, 'How about making the announcement at 7 o'clock?' And that's how we got Maury Wills.

"We actually signed him in Spokane, his home town, because we thought it best. The two of us talked for two and a half hours in Los Angeles the day before the signing, but we didn't talk contract much. I like to get close to the players and get to know them. Maury and I flew to Spokane, and he drove me all around the city. He introduced me to many of his friends, and I appreciated that very much. Maury Wills has an impact on a club with all his color and drive and excitement. [Manager] Harry Walker has always been a great admirer of Maury's. Walker has always tried to teach our players that one of the greatest satisfactions that comes from offen-

sive baseball is base running. Wills is the master of that. Even during the early days of spring training you could tell that the entire team had become more aggressive minded, and much of this has to do with Maury Wills."

Brown also traded Don Cardwell and Don Bosh to the Mets for Dennis Rabant, a right-handed pitcher with a record of 11-9 and 10 complete games. It is significant that Pittsburgh got two starting pitchers and a team leader at the expense of only one part-time regular, Bailey. Although Brown was severely criticized when he sent Dick Groat to the Cardinals in 1963, he is generally a shrewd trader. He made an excellent deal last season that got little attention. He traded Joe Gibbon and Ozzie Virgil to the Giants for Matty Alou, and Alou hit .342 to lead the league and give the Pirates their fifth batting championship in seven years.

The deals for Wills, Rabant and Pizarro have stimulated Pittsburgh ticket sales to the point where they are now higher than they were in 1961, the year after the "Beat 'Em Back" won the pennant and beat the Yankees in the World Series.

The Pirates were a strong team two seasons ago, but they had trouble adapting to Walker, who was having trouble himself trying to get his starting lineup all on the field at the same time. Not until the next-to-last week in May was the team physically sound, and by then nine other clubs were piled on top of it. From that point on, Pittsburgh played .628 baseball and finished in third place, seven games out of first. Trying to eliminate even the possibility of another such slow start last year, Brown spent \$10,000 to bring the entire team to Pittsburgh in December of 1965 for a few days of meetings to establish a good frame of mind before spring training began. To some of baseball's thicker heads the idea seemed absurd, but the Pirates completely reversed their previous spring form. They got away fast, led for a while and from late May until the end of the season never dropped below third in the standings. Indeed, into September they looked like possible winners, but their pitching failed and then they ran into the Dodgers and sagged. They didn't have enough, and they finished third.

Which is why Joe Brown went after Pizarro and Rabant and, most of all, Maury Wills.

continued

Pittsburgh fans already know Maury Wills very well. Until last year he had stolen more bases against the Pirates than against any other team, and he had built a lifetime average of .350 vs. Pirate pitching. In one game against Pittsburgh last year he singled, stole second and third and trotted home with the winning run. The next night he bunted for a single, went to second on a pitcher's error, wiggled himself to third by forcing a balk and scored. In the ninth inning he tripled home another run as Los Angeles won 3-1. A few days later he singled in the 12th inning to beat the Pirates again, 5-4. That's three games that Wills beat the Pirates. The Pirates lost the pennant by three games. No wonder Pirate fans remember him.

Wherever Wills goes, whatever he does and however he does it, he generates news. There is a dramatic sense within him that aches for recognition. He can anger his enemies to such a degree that he whips them psychologically. Equally important, he can chide his own team with stinging, sarcastic remarks that somehow force total effort and better play. One evening this spring Maury sat on the dugout steps before a game with the Baltimore Orioles in Miami and talked of this quality of his and how it affects a team.

"When you have 25 men on a team you have 25 different personalities," he said. "It would be abnormal not to have conflicts. When you find a club that is totally happy and without conflicts you also find a club that is not going to win. The years when the Dodgers lost, they were also the happiest. You don't know what a man is made of until you have

had a little go-around with him. He's probably trying to win just as hard—maybe harder—than you are, but until each of you gets it out of your system you don't know. This brings you closer together for the overall good of the team. Before you have your squabble with the guy you wouldn't holler across the street to say hello to him, but after the thing is over you find yourself walking across the street to shake his hand every time you see him. There were times when Walter Alton made me mad, and I'd hate to have to count the times I made him mad. But I had only the greatest respect for him, and I think he respected me, too, because we were both dedicated to winning for the Dodgers.

"I have a salary and a status that calls for certain results. I must deliver, whether it is in Los Angeles, Pittsburgh or Kokomo. Pressure? That's a word that is used too much in sports. Pressure, to me, is when you have a feeling that you can not produce. I try to practice at everything and find things out so that I can handle any situation that might come up on the field.

"Once I said that third base was 'the old-folks' home' and now I want to take that back. I have played there before [50 games in 1963 was the longest period], but I must learn to play it better. At shortstop you had time to adjust to plays but at third the ball comes off the bat differently."

After he had finished talking Maury walked over to the Baltimore dugout and asked Brooks Robinson some questions about playing third base. Robinson and Wills talked, the two of them standing in the Miami twilight swinging their

gloves this way and that as if practicing for a water ballet. When Wills left to go back to the Pirate dugout Hank Bauer, the Oriole manager, rose to shake hands with him and then watched him walk away. "He knows how to win," Bauer said. "He'll do anything to win. Look at his shoes. Track shoes! What's the rule on that?"

Wills stole three bases that night to beat the Orioles 1-0, and last week Warren Giles ruled that Maury could not wear his track shoes this year. Ah, the dramatic and constant search for the little extra edges that go toward winning what the players sometimes call "the peanut."

As a Pirate, Wills will bat second in a lineup stocked with good hitters, and Walker wants Maury to play as he played in his seven and one-half years as a Dodger. "I want him to try to steal even if we have a big lead and to try the hit-and-run in the late innings. I want him to try the things he has perfected. There will be days when we'll need that late-inning stolen base to help win a ball game, and if he hasn't been stealing bases to begin with then he is going to be hesitant to run when we need it. He plays hard, and that's the way I want him to play. Maury Wills can mean more to us than a stolen base, a bunt, a good play, a hit-and-run. He can mean a winner."

Back in February, on the very first day of spring training at Fort Myers, Maury Wills had said, "I have always been public enemy No. 1 to the Pirates, and the feeling was mutual." Like everything else in this promising season that, too, has changed.

END

In one brief month this winter the ballplayers on the following pages suddenly learned that they would be opening the new season in different uniforms. Each has something to prove, and their new teams are betting that people will pay to see them try. For Roger Maris (right) it is the chance to be born again, for Don Mincher and Jimmy Hall the opportunity to shoot at the right-field fence in Anaheim, for Floyd Robinson another crack at .300, for Ed Mathews three needed at bats as he searches for four homers to reach 500.

THE UNIFORMS ARE ALL NEW



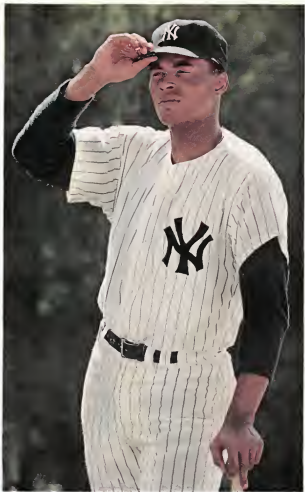


The most bewildering of the off-season trades transferred left-hander Jim O'Toole from the pitching-poor Reds to the pitching-rich White Sox.

More reasonably, the Angels gained much-needed hitting power by obtaining sluggers Don Mincher (in glasses) and Jimmie Hall from the Twins.







The once all-powerful Yanks have taken to leaning heavily on relative unknowns. Third Basemen Charlie Smith (left) was acquired from St. Louis.

Even more important to the Yankees future are promising youngsters like Bill Robinson, last year an outstanding star on a Braves' farm team.



Now 33, First Basemen Norm Siebern joins the Giants, his fifth major league club but his first in the National League. Norm is "bench strength."

Hard-throwing Ray Culp was a disappointment in Philly, but optimistic Leo Durocher sees great days ahead now that Culp is with Leo's Cuba.



Second Basemen Bennie Allen starred briefly for Minnesota, then faltered on slumps and injuries. The Senators hope he will find the touch again.



The Twins gave up a lot for Dean Chance.



baseball's best pitcher in 1954. Back in form, Chance could mean victory for Minnesota.



Floyd Robinson, a solid .300 hitter, slumped to .265 and .237 and was traded. A big bat with Chicago, he's one of the crowd at Cincinnati.

Third Baseman Cleto Beyer was stunned when the Yankees traded him, but his superior fielding could help lift Atlanta toward the pennant.







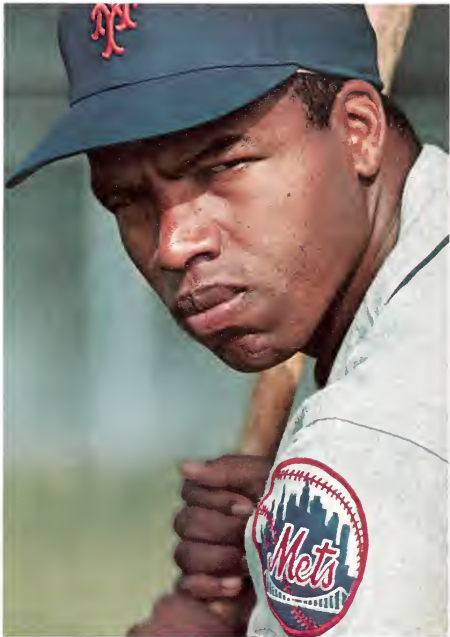
The Phillies have more new faces than anyone else. From the Yankees they took volatile Pedro Ramos (above), who could anchor their bullpen.

A bigger catch for the Phils is left-hander Dick Elewirth from the Cubs, who won 50 games in three years, then fell to 8 and 22 last season.



After 15 years with the Braves in Boston, Milwaukee and Atlanta, Ed Mathews moves on to Houston as an aging balance wheel for Astro youth.

Twice batting champion with the Dodgers before breaking an ankle, Tommy Davis is the big man on his club again, though the club is the Mets.





The Dodgers, shorn of Koufax, Wills and Tommy Davis, came up with Ron Hunt from the Mets, a combative infielder who can fire up a ball club.



LOS ANGELES
DODGERS

NOBODY THINKS IT'S THE DODGERS

Attention should center on Dodger chances of winning a third straight pennant, something not accomplished in the league since 1944 (page 78). But with Koufax retired and Wills and Davis traded away, the Dodgers are not the same, and no one expects them to win. On the other hand, you have the Pirates, who have finished no better than third for six seasons and who backed out of the race last September when the Dodgers looked them in the eye in the stretch. The Pirates have Wills now, to give them heart, and they have bolstered their shaky pitching. They seem the logical choice. But the Giants, rich with stars and riddled with faults, have won more games the past five years than any club except Los Angeles. The Braves, who win 83 to 88 games every season, think this is the year to get out of that rut. The iffy Phils may challenge, and the surprisingly inept Reds could, too. So could the run-poor Cardinals, who at least know how to win, given the chance. A difficult race to pick: only the Cubs, Astros and Mets are out of it.

OFFENSE The Dodgers proved in the World Series to be inept at hitting fast-ball pitchers. They also have little talent for hitting left-handed pitchers. Only Jim Lefebvre held his own against lefties last year, hitting .270, just six points less than he did against right-handers. Six other front-line players—Willie Davis, Ron Fairly, Lou Johnson, Wes Parker, John Roseboro and former Met Ron Hunt—hit a collective .293 versus right-handers (and had one homer for each 35 times at bat), but against left-handers they batted only .247 (and went 81 5 times at bat for each homer). Before Willie Davis sprained his ankle this spring Manager Walt Alton wanted to put him in the leadoff spot to utilize his exceptional speed, but Willie's inability to wait out pitches (he has averaged only 21 walks a season for seven years) made the idea a questionable one even then. The skippy attack is built around Lefebvre (24 homers and 74 RBIs), Fairly (61 RBIs), Johnson (73 RBIs) and Roseboro (.276). It has been bolstered somewhat by the acquisition of Bob Bailey (.279) and Hunt (.288), a good hit-and-run man.

DEFENSE With Sandy Koufax gone, the pitching staff—still a good one—cannot hope to match the 2.62 ERA that led the majors last year. But a full tour of spring training has helped. Don Drysdale (13-16, 3.42 in 1966 after his long holdout). Left-hander Claude Osteen (17-14, 2.85 ERA) and Don Sutton (12-12, 2.99) are strong starters, too, and will be joined in the rotation by former Relievers Bob Miller and Joe Moeller. The well-manned bullpen features Phil Regan (14-1, 17 saves, 1.62 ERA), who starts the season with a 13-game winning streak, plus left-hander Ron Perranoski and big Bob Lee, poached up from the Angels. The defense is better at second, where Hunt replaces Lefebvre, who moves to third. Either Gene Michael, who has range and a strong arm, or Dick Schofield can play short better than Maury Wills. Parker is peerless at first, and Roseboro is one of the best catchers around.

OUTLOOK The slightly stronger attack is nullified by much weaker pitching (any staff that loses a Koufax is much weaker). The Dodgers may make the first division. But a pennant? Not this time.



SAN FRANCISCO GIANTS

OFFENSE An opposing player laid down a perfect bunt to squeeze home a runner against the Giants in an exhibition game, and a wise guy from San Francisco said, "You'd never see one of our players do something like that." The Giants failed to win the pennant the last two years partly because they could not execute the little plays that win championships. Sure, Willie Mays, Willie McCovey, Jim Ray Hart and Tom Haller hit a total of 133 home runs last season. But the Giants bunted poorly; they stole fewer bases than any team in the league: they hit fewer sacrifice flies; and only the Mets had a lower team batting average. Yet Mays and McCovey and Hart and Haller again will hit plenty of home runs, and so will outfielder Odie Brown, whom they call "Downtown" because of his prodigious homers. Jesus Alou, who was injured most of last season, looks like a sharp hitter again; he was the subject of a spring-training psych job by Manager Herman Franks. Hal Lanier, who has regressed since his good rookie season in 1964, is switch hitting now. There are only two veterans on the bench, Jim Davenport and Norm Siebern.

DEFENSE The Giants may have the top pitching staff in the league. Juan Marchal and Gaylord Perry are the best one-two combination, and Bob Bolin, the third man, should have been 16-5 instead of 11-10 last year. The fourth starter will be Ray Sadecki, who was wild high all spring, or Mike McCormick, who no longer can throw hard, or Ron Herbel. The bullpen of Lindy McDaniel, Frank Linzy and Bill Henry is one of the league's finest. But the fielding defense is inadequate. Catcher Haller permits too many passed balls and stolen bases. Second Baseman Lanier, who seems to play in short right field all the time, and Shortstop Tito Fuentes are a weak double-play combination. Third Baseman Hart and First Baseman McCovey are no better than adequate at their positions. The outfield defense is good, but that's mostly because Mays is in center.

OUTLOOK Despite their home run power and superior pitching, the Giants will be lucky to win with that atrocious infield and their perennial inability to make the little plays that bring pennants.



PITTSBURGH PIRATES

OFFENSE With Maury Wills added to a team that led the majors in batting in 1966, you get the impression that every day is going to be the Fourth of July for Manager Harry Walker. The Pirates make outs that are more exciting than other team's hits. Six players hit .290 or above, and Wills usually averages .290 or close to it. Maury bats second for Pittsburgh, right behind Matty Alou, who led the league with .342 and stole 23 bases. With Wills on base, threatening to steal, Roberto Clement gets to see more fast balls, which should cut down on his strikeouts and lift his already impressive batting average (.317) and RBI total (119). Although Orono Clemençon has not received much publicity, he has averaged .300 and 97 RBIs the last two seasons. Willie Stargell has the weak clubs better than he does the good ones, but you can't laugh off his .315 average, his 33 homers and his 102 RBIs. Manny Mota (.332) seldom strikes out, and Gene Alley hit a surprising .299 in '66. Bill Mazeroski's average was only .262, but he knocked home 82 runs and is a clutch hitter. Jesse Gonder is dangerous at bat, and Jim Pagliaroni was good enough to hit .295 three seasons ago.

DEFENSE Mazeroski and Alley are the best double-play combination in baseball, but the catching is awkward and the outfield made 32 errors last year. The pitching is uncertain, unless Juan Pizarro and Dennis Ribant come through. Pizarro won 19 for the White Sox in 1964 but only won in 1965 and eight in 1966. Ribant was 11-9 with the Mets, but pitching for a contender is a totally different situation. Tommie Sink (10-5) had an ERA of 4.14, Steve Blass was 11-7 and 3.87, Woody Fryman 12-9 and 3.81, Vernon Law 12-8 and 4.04—all unimpressive records. The key man is Bob Veale (16-12, 3.02), bothered recently by back trouble and unable to shake the reputation that if you stay close to him you will beat him. The bullpen—19-year-old Elroy Face, Al McBean, Pete Mickelson and Billy O'Dell—is not overwhelming.

OUTLOOK The Pirates are everybody's favorites for the pennant and with that hitting they should be. But with that pitching and, yes, fielding, the published odds of 8 to 5 are way out of line.



PHILADELPHIA PHILLIES

OFFENSE Everything seemed so easy for the Phillies until Bill White (103 RBIs last year) tore the Achilles tendon in his right ankle while playing paddle ball in a St. Louis gymnasium in December. Then White reassured the ankle in spring training and the words of a popular folk ballad began to haunt Philadelphia, "Where have all the young men gone?" Where indeed? Only two regulars are under 27 and one of these, 23-year-old John Briggs, has never played 100 games a season or driven in more than 23 runs. Of course, the other is Richie Allen, who recently turned 25 and who may drive in 23 runs on Opening Day. He missed a month of the 1966 season and still scored 112 runs, knocked in 110 and hit 40 homers. He had more total bases than either Henry Aaron or Willie Mays and batted .317. Of the older boys, John Callison now wears glasses (his RBIs dropped from 101 to 55), Cooke Rogers' average fell off and Dick Groat's .269 was reached the hard way—in the 292 second half. Bill White will be sorely missed.

DEFENSE Since White will probably not be ready before the middle of June at the earliest, the Phillie defense will of necessity be somewhat makeshift with reserve Tony Taylor playing first, Oon Lock solves the centerfield problem that has plagued the Phils for years, and Clay Daleyple is an asset behind the plate. Generally, the fielding is steady if uninspired. The starting four pitchers could be the best in the league. But Jim Bunning (19-14) and Larry Jackson (15-13 and five shutouts for the Phils) both reach 36 during the year. Dick Ellsworth (8-22 with the Cubs) is better than that record and with 20-game winner Chris Short should give Manager Gene Mauch strong left-handed pitching. Bob Buhl, 38, and 21-year-old Rick Wise will spot-start. The bullpen was bad last year but Gary Wagner and newcomers Dick Hall, Ruben Gomez and Pedro Ramos could make things all right. That is, if Hall and Wagner can recover fully from last year's arm troubles.

OUTLOOK The loss of White could destroy Philadelphia's hopes for a superior season, but if the top four pitchers throw as expected the Phils will be a tough team, especially if the bullpen produces.



ATLANTA BRAVES

OFFENSE If anything, the lineup is even stronger than a year ago when the Braves led the majors in runs and homers (207). Back to torment the pitchers is Henry Aaron, who topped the National League in home runs (44) and the majors in RBIs (127), even though he had the lowest average (.279) of his 13-year career. Supporting him will be Felipe Alou, who hit 51 homers and was second in the majors with a .327 average, Joe Torre (.315, 36 HRs, 101 RBIs) and Raco Carty (.326). Ex-Yankee Cleto Boyer (14 HRs) will find the fence in left center in Atlanta more to his liking than the distant one in Yankee Stadium. In addition, there are Mack Jones (23 HRs) and Dennis Menke (15 HRs).

DEFENSE Despite their run-scoring ability, the Braves had the worst combined record in the league in extra-inning and one-run games (.27-.38), something that better fielding and pitching should remedy. The defense (only sixth best last year) will be tighter now that Boyer is at third. Torre is one of the soundest catchers in the game, Aaron one of the best right fielders. Menke lacks range at shortstop but if there is a lead to protect, smooth-licking rookie Orlando Martinez can be brought in. Manager Billy Hitchcock's pitching staff has a flock of strong if questionable arms. Everyone, though, seems recovered from last season's woes: Denny Lemaster (pinched nerve), Wade Blasingame (broken finger, sore arm), Ken Johnson (bad knee) and former Astro Bob Bruce (eye trouble). Lemaster (11-8) could become the finest left-hander in the league. Few pitchers throw harder than Tony Cloninger (14-11 but 24-11 in 1963), and now that he has overcome last year's flares—throwing off balance, tipping his curve—he should be more effective. Dick Kelley (7-5) and Pat Jarvis (6-2) came up late last season and both did well. The bullpen, with Clay Carroll (8-7), Don Schwall (6-3) and Phil Nickro (4-3) getting help from newcomers Ramon Hernandez and Jay Rutche, will be more useful in those close ball games.

OUTLOOK All the Braves need is stronger pitching. Last year some of the pitchers felt they were not in shape for opening day. This time, after arduous spring conditioning, they feel ready.



ST. LOUIS CARDINALS

OFFENSE Not since the end of the dead-ball era has a Cardinal team hit as poorly as the 1966 club, yet with two weeks of the season left St. Louis was tied for fourth. Ultimately finishing sixth, the Cards nonetheless drew 1,712,980 to the best of the new ball parks, Busch Memorial Stadium. This year St. Louis ranks in hitting behind only Pittsburgh and Atlanta. Roger Maris, picked up from the Yankees for Charlie Smith, adds a third left-handed threat to go with Lou Brock (.285 and a league-leading 74 stolen bases) and Tim McCarver (.274 and a league-leading 13 triples). Orlando Cepeda (.307 lifetime) strengthened his injured knee by walking over the sandy beaches of Puerto Rico, and he and Maris are getting ample RBI opportunities hitting behind Brock and Curt Flood. Mike Shannon (.298 and 16 home runs) gives the team another strong bat at third base.

DEFENSE Manager Red Schoendienst is hoping that Shannon can handle things at third; he has been a significant part of most of the Cardinal good spells since 1963. The rest of the infield—Dul Maxwell at short, Julian Javier at second and Cepeda at first—is good defensively. Maris, Flood and Brock make up an excellent outfield. The St. Louis pitching staff was second in the league in '66 with a team ERA of 3.11. Bob Gibson moved five starts because of an elbow strain and still won 21. Al Jackson's 13-15 record does not indicate how well he pitched, his 2.51 ERA was sixth best in the league. Left-hander Larry Jester was a "zerohero" against the Dodgers (he shut them out five straight times) but he was only 6-5 against the other clubs. Ray Washburn needs to go more than six innings. Young (22) Steve Carlton and Dick Hughes, a 79-year-old rookie, will also start. The bullpen is strong, with Hal Woodeshick (1.93 ERA in 39 appearances) and Joe Hoerner (1.54 in 57) as lefty stoppers, and Ron Willis as the right-handed short reliever. Nelson Briles is the long man.

OUTLOOK A livelier offense, with both power and speed, plus strong pitching and good fielding should move the Cardinals nearer the top in the league and near to two million in attendance.



CINCINNATI REDS

OFFENSE The Reds as a team hit only .247 for Don Hoffer during his half season as manager, for his 33-year-old replacement, Dave Bristol, they hit .273. The Frank Robinson trade, rain at the start of the year, constant losing streaks prior to the All-Star break and a seventh-place finish caused attendance to drop to a worrisome 743,000, lowest since 1960. But the Reds ran hot and the changes made this year have strengthened their offense even further. Deron Johnson moves back to third, where he knocked in 130 runs in 1965 and with other Lee May or Tony Perez at first gives the Reds power at the corners. Switcher Pete Rose, one of the game's genuine hustlers, has collected 414 hits over the past two years. Rookie of the Year Tommy Helms always hits the ball sooner here and Tommy Harper is capable of many things—hitting streaks of 17 and 24 games plus 101 lifetime steals in 121 tries. Despite a career average of .301, Vida Pinson is going to have to bat in more than 76 runs to make the attack produce. Skinny Leo Cardenas had 20 homers and tied for the team lead in RBIs with 81. Floyd Robinson's .237 with the White Sox was too bad to be true and a rejuvenated Robby joining Art Shamsky, Gordy Coleman and Chico Ruiz gives the team depth and fluidity.

DEFENSE "In moving Rose from second to left and Helms from third to second in order to get Johnson to third," said Bristol this spring, "I'm going to get criticized but I know in my heart it will work." Shortstop Cardenas is about as good as anyone, but he is excusable. He and Helms are aged double-play combinations, which is fortunate because the Red pitchers will need all the DPs they can get. Only Jim Maloney is reliable. Milt Pappas was 12-11 but did not complete a game after July 10, and Sam Rice slumped from 22-10 to 12-19. Billy McCool, who finished 45 games, comes out of the bullpen—but where does that leave the bullpen? Converted Outfielder Mel Queen or 18-year-old bonus boy Gary Nolan will be the fifth starter.

OUTLOOK The Reds show more spirit under Bristol and their potent offense will make them a threat in any game, but inconsistent pitching is likely to keep the team in the second division once again.



HOUSTON ASTROS

OFFENSE The attack revolves around the on-base ability of Joe Morgan, the long-ball hitting of Jim Wynn and the base stealing of Tommy Jackson. With Morgan and Wynn fully recovered from serious injuries suffered last season, the offense has been rejuvenated. Although not for more than a month last year, Morgan (1985) was second in the league in walks with 89. Wynn, a muscular 5'9" and 170 pounds, slugged 18 homers and drove in 62 runs in just 105 games. Because the Astrodome is one of the hardest parks in which to hit home runs, speed is vital to producing runs and speed is precisely what Jackson, who stole 49 bases and hit .292 as a rookie, provides. Occasional bursts of power will come from Rusty Staub, John Bateman, Chuck Harrison, rookie Aaron Peirce and former Brave Eddie Mathews.

DEFENSE Now that the leak in the Astrodome ceiling has been fixed and the Astro turf has been zipped up, the next project is to patch up the defense. Houston, lost in fielding and double plays, gave up 92 unearned runs last year. No regular catcher in other league made more errors than Bateman, while only one second baseman made more than Morgan. And no major league player at any position last year made more errors than Shortstop Jackson. But Wynn and Jim Landis are go-guys in the outfield, and Bob Agnew is a deft third baseman. Mike Cuellar (12-10), Larry Dierker (10-8) and Reliever Claude Raymond (seven wins, 13 saves) are standouts on a so-so pitching staff. Cuellar, musing his first ball with his baffling screwball, had the third best ERA (2.22) in the majors. Dierker has a live arm and needs only consistency to be a big winner. Dave Gault (15-14) must find a way to overcome his annual underseason collapse. A reformed Bo Belinsky could parlay his sinking fast ball into wins if he can locate the plate. Help, if it is to come, must come from youngsters such as Chris Zachary, Dan Schmedes, Carroll Sembera and fast-baller Don Wilson.

OUTLOOK The youthfulness of his club, says Manager Grady Hatton, means there is hope for improvement. It also could mean that any of seven players might be called into service at any moment.



NEW YORK METS

OFFENSE If forced to guess how much the Mets made last season, \$1 million would not be far from wrong, and profits like that with a team like that (lowest hitting average in the league, .239) indicate the financial soundness of the franchise. But any rise in the standings will depend on Tommy Davis' comeback as a run producer. Davis, still not fully recovered from his broken ankle, could surpass the recent Met high of 62 RBIs hitting on one leg, his three-year vowing average at Shea's has been a resounding .429. Ken Reyer and Cleon Jones are respected hitters, while Chuck Hiller, Jerry Buchek and Ron Swoboda, the Mystery Man of Flushing Meadows (50 RBIs on a .222 batting average and only .342 at bats), have their good days. But Ed Kranepool, a career .247 hitter, has not developed, and Sandy Alomar and Bud Harrelson have not hit since their Little League days. Don Bosch (.283 at Columbus) and Greg Goosen (25 HRs at Jacksonville) have both youth and promise. Jerry Grote, at 24, should improve as a hitter (.217), and experienced Al Llopis can help off the bench.

DEFENSE By past Met standards the fielding is not too bad, particularly if Bosch plays the center field he is said to be capable of. But Ron Hunt's departure from second base will hurt. Bob Shaw (11-10) is out to disprove the accepted baseball belief that he becomes disenchanted with a team his second year with it. Jack Fisher lost his first four starts in 1986 but was 11-10 thereafter, and Fisher is both a smart and grim worker. The third starter is Don Cardwell, who completed only one of 14 starts with the Pirates but who was a good 13-10 in 1985. Young (22) Tom Seaver may be Manager Wes Westrum's first starter, in Seaver's first year in baseball he led the International League in strikeouts. Other starters are veterans Chuck Estrada and Ralph Terry, who threw hard once again this spring, and rookie Bill Dennessy. Ron Taylor, Jack Hamilton and rookie Jerry Kosman will man the bullpen.

OUTLOOK With an unsettled defense and still-questionable hitting, the Mets will probably have trouble holding onto ninth place. Still, a good year from Davis could make a big difference.



CHICAGO CUBS

OFFENSE Scoring runs obviously is the only thing that does not concern Manager Leo Durocher as he tries to mastermind the Cubs out of last place. Ron Santo, the league's best third baseman, generally hits about 30 home runs and drives in 100 runs every year, and Billy Williams hit 29 home runs and had 91 runs batted in during 1986. Ernie Banks, who at 36 is still holding forth at first base, will hit more than 20 home runs if he plays all season. The rest of the Cubs' lineup is composed of young players who had relatively successful seasons last year. Glenn Beckert, a master of the hit-and-run, batted .287, while Don Kessinger, who became a switch hitter last May, closed with a .274 average. Both are good base runners. Catcher Randy Hundley had 19 home runs and 63 runs batted in. Outfielders Adolfo Phillips and Byron Browne each hit 16 home runs, but each struck out more than 125 times. Durocher says they will determine the Cubs' success—or failure—this year. The Cubs have a better bench than some contenders, with John Bucchella, Felix Mantilla, Lee Thomas and rookie Norm Gigen available as pinch hitters.

DEFENSE The Cubs had the worst pitching staff in baseball last year, and little improvement is in sight. Ray Culp, who could not win at Philadelphia, Ferguson Jenkins, who throws hard for five innings, left-hander Ken Holtzman, who won 11 games as a rookie in 1966, rookie Dick Nye and veteran Curt Simmons constitute the big five. Durocher plans to go without an experienced reliever, hoping that Cal Koonce, Bob Hendley and Bill Hands will develop into stoppers. Fortunately, the Cubs are solid behind the plate with Hundley, a strongarm of the 1960s majors in assists with 853, talented receiver. Beckert and Kessinger combine well around second base, though Kessinger doesn't have great range. Santo is superb at third base, and Banks is accomplished at first. The outfield is poor. Phillips and Browne are erratic, and Williams has a weak arm.

OUTLOOK If the Chicago pitchers could get everyone to hit the ball to the crack infield, the Cubs would look great. But the pitchers won't. The Cubs will hit, but they'll finish near the bottom again.

FORM CHART

AMERICAN LEAGUE



BALTIMORE ORIOLES

RIISING DYNASTY FOR THE BIRDS?

Baltimore has all the trappings of the old Yankee dynasty—big, strong hitters, splendid fielders, a row of faceless pitchers who win 15 games apiece and, most of all, marvelous-looking rookies trying vainly to break into the lineup. But the Orioles are coming off their first pennant, and the knack of winning two in a row is hard to pick up. Especially when the defender is challenged by the likes of the Tigers, rich themselves in hitting and threatening now to come up with first-class pitching, too. The Twins had a post-pennant hangover the first part of last year but came back strongly later on, and now they have Dean Chance, too, if less power. The White Sox can cause trouble with their impressive pitching, and so can the Indians, but there the league seems to split in half. For the Yankees and the Angels to move up, everything has to break right. The Athletics seem to have plenty of pitching and the Red Sox plenty of hitting, but both lack balance, while the Senators, though balanced enough, lack both pitching and hitting.

OFFENSE Baltimore's pitching may not be as good as its World Series performance indicated, which has become the accepted thing to say, but Baltimore's hitting certainly is. In the Series, against great pitching, the hitters produced what was needed when it mattered, and the same thing went on all last season. Although MVP Frank Robinson was slowed this spring by his recent knee operation, he hit the ball hard. Manager Hank Bauer says all he wants from Frank is an average Robinson year, which means about 34 homers, 103 RBIs and a .304 percentage. It's the other Robinson, Brooks, who presents some worry. MVP himself in 1964, he hit .306 last year until July 22, then only .206 thereafter. It was obvious that he was tired. This year he will be rested now and then. Injury-prone Boog Powell slumps at times and strikes out a lot (125), but his .287-34 HRs-109 RBIs indicates he is ready for full stardom. Although Luis Aparicio stole only 25 bases, he had a productive year (97 runs). Andy Etchebarren knocked in some key runs, but he must raise his .221 average. Carl Befary has hit 45 homers in two seasons of platooning; he can catch, play first and the outfield. Dave Johnson and Paul Blair are just arriving as hitters, and rookie Mike Epstein (.309, 29 HRs, 102 RBIs at Rochester) is in the wings.

DEFENSE No team in either league is better in the field, and with young fielding genius Mark Belanger around, the Orioles won't suffer if Aparicio or Brooks Robinson sit out a few games. But who knows about the pitching? Steve Barber, Jim Palmer and Wally Bunker all suffered with sore arms last year, which leaves Dave McNally (13-6) as the ace of the staff. Rookie Tom Phoebus looked solid in spring training, and the bullpen of Eddie Fisher, Stu Miller, Moe Drabowsky and Eddie Watt is strong, though Watt suffered a serious eye injury in Florida. Help may come from Dave Leonhard and Bill Dillman, a rookie, and good. John Miller and Frank Benizina will spot-start.

OUTLOOK On their hitting, fielding and depth, the Orioles are obviously the team to beat. What could beat them are postpennant letdown and a renewed epidemic of tendonitis among the pitchers.



MINNESOTA TWINS

OFFENSE Terry Oliva always bats at least 300, Harmon Killebrew generally hits 40 home runs and Zoilo Versalles says he's ready to play the way he did when he was the MVP in 1965. After that, however, the offense degenerates into a lot of question marks like Earl Battey, who drove in only 34 runs last season. Manager Sam Mele likes to play a set lineup every game, but the new look in Minnesota—a lack of punch—may force him to go back to platooning. Mele would prefer to use good fielders. Bob Allison is right-handed (hitter) in left and Ted Uhlander is left-handed (hitter) in center; if either one of them hits, both will stay in the lineup. But if both hit as poorly as they did last year, then Mele will platoon them with left-handed Sandy Valdespino and right-handed Andy Kosco. Or he will try to trade for an outfielder. Either Rich Rollins, a veteran, or Ron Clark, a rookie, will play third, and Cesar Tovar will play second unless the Twins decide speedway rookie Rod Carew is ready. Russ Nixon is the only experienced pinch hitter on the bench. With Jim Hall and Don Mincher traded away, and Oliva the only genuine left-handed threat, it is not hard to see why the Twins pushed back their right-field fence.

DEFENSE Dean Chance won 20 in 1964, Jim Grant won 21 in 1965 and Jim Kaat won 25 in 1966. They are the big men on what probably is the best pitching staff in the league, including Chicago's Chance, a farm boy, should pitch better at quiet Minnesota than he did in swinging southern California. Dave Boswell, who won 12 games before injuring his shoulder last August, is the other starter. Mele also has Jim Petty and Jim Merritt as extra starters or long-relief men, and Ron Kline (six wins, 20 saves and a 2.40 ERA with the Senators last year) and Al Worthington (six wins, 11 saves) in the bullpen. In other words, the pitching is fine, but except for Versalles—if he returns to his 1965 pennant-winning form—Minnesota's fielding is not impressive.

OUTLOOK In changing over from a bat-heavy team with nothing but runs in mind, the Twins may have given away too much hitting for extra pitching strength. The pennant seems slightly out of reach.



DETROIT TIGERS

OFFENSE Four of the top nine sluggers in the American League played for the Tigers last year and, unfortunately for the opposition, they are playing for Detroit again. Their names are Al Kaline, Dick McAuliffe, Willie Horton and Norm Cash: boom, boom, boom, boom. The Tigers have another potential boomer in 27-year-old Jim Northrup; Northrup hit .265 last year, but 46 of his 111 hits went for extra bases. That means the Tigers have five regulars capable of hitting 30 homers apiece, and the three who are left-handed—Cash, McAuliffe and Northrup—can shoot for that short right-field fence in Tiger Stadium. Added hitting muscle will come from constantly improving Don Wert and huge Bill Freehan. Mickey Stanley is not the power threat of any of the above but he did hit .219 last year, even though he was disabled by a broken hand. Gates Brown, sidelined for a month himself, hit .266 for the season but in 47 tries as a pinch hitter averaged .325.

DEFENSE New Manager Mayo Smith has moved McAuliffe from short to second to get Ray Oyler's good glove at short. Cash and Wert are fine at the infield corners, and the outfield is better than adequate. Detroit pitching went from young and promising in 1965 to young and foolish in 1966. The Tigers have impressive names—Denny McLain (20-14), Earl Wilson (18-11), Mickey Lolich (14-14), Joe Sparrino (11-8 in 1965, though only 3-7 last year), Johnny Podres, Dave Wickersham, Bill Monbouquette, Larry Sherry, Hank Aguirre—but those names last year had a distinctly unimpressive staff earned run average: only the ninth-place Red Sox were scored on more than the Tigers. Johnny Sain was hired as pitching coach to correct the situation, and the optimistic Tigers are convinced that he has. McLain expects to cut down on home runs, Sparrino feels he has his control back and the bullpen (with Podres and rookie George Konnoe helping out Sherry, Orlando Pena and Fred Gladding) looks stronger.

OUTLOOK A more settled atmosphere and expected improvement in the pitching staff could combine with the good defense and outstanding hitting to bring the Tigers their first pennant in 22 years.



CHICAGO WHITE SOX

OFFENSE Once again the excellence of the pitching staff will make Chicago a contender, but hitting—or lack of it—will determine how strong a challenge the White Sox can mount. Manager Eddie Stanky merely takes off his cap and rubs his head when the team's batting average of .231 creeps into the conversation. Over the last three years Chicago has had the best home record (145-98) of any team in the league, and this year's attack will be an all-out go-go style trying to take even more advantage of spacious Comiskey Park. But Pete Ward and Ron Hansen both must come back after injuries, while rookies Walt (No Neck) Williams and Duane Josephson must come through. That may be four musts too many. On the brighter side of things are Rookie of the Year Tommie Agee (.273, 86 RBIs, 22 homers, 44 steals), and Ken Berry, whose average climbed from .218 in 1965 to .217 last year as he cut down on strikeouts and learned to hit to right. Don Buford is an excellent base runner (51 steals), though his .244 average was disappointing; the same thing holds for Tom McCraw (20 stolen bases, .229 average). Stanky Burgess still rolls off the bench to pinch-hit (.413 on-base average), and if slick-fielding Jerry Adair bats .249 again, that will be fine. Bill Skowron, now 36, has to better his .249 average or sit next to Stanky and hope.

DEFENSE Hansen combines with Adair for a superb double-play combination, but the infield corners seem woefully weak. Agee and Berry are excellent outfielders, and Williams must be adequate, but if Stanky moves Ward to third and Buford to the outfield in order to bolster the hitting, the defense will sag even more. The pitching, on the other hand, is superb. Gary Peters, Joe Horlen, Bruce Howard and Tommy John had ERAs of 1.98, 2.43, 2.30 and 2.62, and each is capable of 20 wins. Jim O'Toole, Jack Lamabe and John Buzhardt are spot starters. The bullpen is strong with Bob Locker, Dennis Higgins and 43-year-old Hoyt Wilhelm.

OUTLOOK Depth and consistency of pitching will keep the White Sox in the pennant race and all that speed should produce more runs. But the lack of solid hitting will mean no pennant this season.



CLEVELAND INDIANS

OFFENSE "Any team that can platoon Rocky Colavito and me at the same position is good enough to win a pennant," said Outfielder Leon Wagner as he assessed the Indians' prospects for 1967. Some teams, yes. A team like the Indians, no. New Manager Joe Adcock, already a master of the diversionary cliché, does intend to platoon Colavito and Wagner, who combined for 53 home runs and 138 runs batted in last season, in left field. But considering the puerility of the rest of the Indian attack, both probably will be in the starting lineup by May 1. Vic Davalillo (.250), the diminutive singles hitter, and inconsistent Chuck Hinton (.256, 12 home runs) are the other outfielders. First Baseman Fred Whitfield hit 27 home runs last year but batted only .261, and Third Baseman Max Alvis slumped for the third straight year. Neither Shortstop Larry Brown nor Second Baseman Gus Gil, a rookie, figures to hit .250, and the catchers, Duke Sims (.263) and Joe Azcue (.275), are not exactly threats to win the batting championship. Versatile Chico Salmon is the best on a bench that includes Lee Maye, Willie Smith and Pedro Gonzalez, none of whom has ever played with any great distinction or inspiration.

DEFENSE Sam McDowell and Sonny Siebert seem to have recovered from their shoulder injuries, and together with surprising Steve Hargan (third best ERA in the league last year) they form a starting three that could prove even more imposing than Minnesota's Chance-Kane-Grant. Gary Bell, who came out of the bullpen to be Cleveland's busiest starter last season, and flakey Luis Tiant fill out the rotation, while left-hander Jack Kralick, John O'Donoghue and rookie Vicente Romo are spot-starters or relief relievers. Rookie Steve Bailey, Bob Allen and Dick Radatz, the Monster turned tabby, are in the bullpen. All in all, the Indians have first-rate pitching. But even though Adcock says he is stressing defense, the infield and the outfield are no more than adequate.

OUTLOOK Despite the good pitching staff, the Indians do not seem to have enough talent to finish high in the first division. And so Joe Adcock will learn to master another cliché: "Wait till next year."



CALIFORNIA ANGELS

OFFENSE With Rick Reichardt, their only legitimate power hitter, disabled by a kidney operation the last half of the season, the Angels' attack in 1966 consisted mostly of 121 singles and 24 stolen bases by José Cardenal, 32 doubles by Jim Fregosi and 17 home runs by Bobby Knopf—and they finished an offensive soth. Now a healthy Reichardt is back in left field, the Angels have acquired Jimmy Hall and Don Mincher, two left-handed batters with reputations as power hitters, and they expect to become a hitting team. However, neither Hall who hit only .219 with 20 home runs last year, nor Mincher, .251 with 14 home runs, can hit left-handed pitchers, as the Angels learned in spring training. Cardenal, Hall and Jay Johnstone will switch around in the outfield, and Shortstop Fregosi will try to hit singles to right instead of long ones to left. Lifetime batting averages show that Second Baseman Knopf (.238), Third Baseman Paul Schaal (.229) and Catcher Bob Rodgers (.240) do not hit safely once in four trips to the plate. Somehow the Angels have been deluded into thinking they have an offense.

DEFENSE "We may use only two starters and have eight relief pitchers this year," said Manager Bill Rigney as he glumly discussed the Angels' pitching situation. The two starters are left-handers George Bruest and Marcelino López, who between them won 20 games and lost 27 last season. There is hope that right-hander Fred Newman will eventually recover from a winter operation on his shoulder, but it may be midseason before he is ready. Rigney will try Jorge Rubio, Jim McGlothlin and Nick Willhite—a trio that was a total of five major league games in 1966. But the Angels do have a respectable bullpen, manned by Jack Sanford (37 years old), Lou Burdette (40) and Pete Cimino. Rodgers is a solid catcher. Knopf and Fregosi are the best double-play pair in the league. Schaal is steady, and First Baseman Mincher is adequate. The outfielders are consistent but not outstanding.

OUTLOOK Unless they trade for a pitcher, the Angels may fall to seventh or even eighth place, and to get a pitcher they will have to trade a Hall or a Mincher. It will be a long season in Disneyland.



KANSAS CITY ATHLETICS

OFFENSE Manager Alvin Dark's plan before spring training began was to have Rick Monday the \$304,000 bonus boy from Arizona State, spend another year in the minor leagues learning more of the little things that may eventually add up to the big ones for the Athletics. But Dark is a realist and when Monday returns from his 30-day service tour this week he will stay with the club because it needs hitting desperately. The A's hit only 70 home runs in 1966, and no other team hit fewer. Once again Kansas City will use the steal, the bunt and the hit-and-run to build scores. This should be particularly effective at homeproof Municipal Stadium, but half the schedule is played on the road and there is no home run threat on the team. Jim Ganger and Roger Repor are the only hitters who got into double figures with homers last year, and they barely made it (10 and 11). Ed Charles (.286) and Danny Cater (.278) are the most dependable hitters, but Bert Campaneris' speed (52 steals in 62 attempts) makes him the team's leading run scorer.

DEFENSE Any outfield combination the A's use will help the pitching, because the players have been selected with fielding skills in mind. The infield also is fundamentally sound and Phil Roof is a fine catcher. But young quality pitching is the element Kansas City must depend on until the crop of potential hitters down on the farms can be harvested. The seventh-place finish last season was stronger than the record (74-86) indicates. Following a poor 3-14 start, the A's played one game under .500. The major reason was Jim Nash, who from July on had a spectacular record of 12-1 and a 2.06 ERA. Like all the A's pitchers, however, Nash needed relief help from Jack Aker, who had a record of 8-4, 2.56 saves and a 1.99 ERA in 66 games. The other starters—John Odum, Lew Krause, Jim Hunter and Chuck Dobson—average only 22 years. Bob DuBois and Paul Lindblad, 25, will spot-start or work long relief.

OUTLOOK Young pitching is always a gamble, but with a sound defense, good speed and Dark's sharp strategic moves the A's should continue to rise. Hitting, or the lack of it, will determine just how high.



WASHINGTON SENATORS

OFFENSE The key to improvement in Washington's feeble attack (fewest runs in the league last year) is big Frank Howard. Howard had 18 homers and 71 RBIs, best on the ball club, and his average (.238) was 10th best in the league. But Manager Gil Hodges, feeling that these home run and RBI figures are nowhere near what they should be for a man of Frank's size (6'7", 255) and strength, has changed Howard's stance at the plate. He wants him to loft and puff, rather than drive earth-shaking ground balls to the infield. Rookie Center Fielder Hank Allen, older brother of the Phil's Richie, had 23 homers, 83 RBIs and a .299 average in the Pacific Coast League and hit .387 in nine games for the Senators at the end of 1966. Howard and Allen are both flys, but if they come through, the Senators will have a cheering one-two power punch. Fred Valentine is a dependable hitter (16 home runs, .276), and Paul Casanova, Ken McMullen, Jim King and Ken Harrelson show occasional power (all had home runs in double figures last year).

DEFENSE Tall (6 feet 4) Casanova is a highly regarded young catcher but, even so, he led the league in errors. He should improve this year because, he says, "I'm not gonna close my eyes anymore when I go after pop-ups." Shortstop Eddie Brekman was second in the league in assists and with Hermie Allen now in second base the club should improve its meager double-play total. This would help the pitching, which needs it. The only reliable starters are Pete Richert (14-14, 3.37 ERA), Phil Ortega (12-12, 3.93 ERA) and, as long as his arm remains healthy enough for him to shut off his cove, Camilo Pascual. One or more of the relievers—Cisey Cox, Bob Humphreys, Dick Lines, Bob Priddy (6-3 with the Giants last year), Darold Knowles—will see service as a starter. So will Barry Moore and Joe Coleman, a minor league dud (7-19 in the Eastern League last season) but a winner in all three big-league stints.

OUTLOOK The Senators have been improving ever so slowly the past few years. They may improve again in 1967 but, even so, other rising teams around the league could push them into the cellar.



BOSTON RED SOX

OFFENSE The Red Sox have greater power biting potential than any other American League team except the Orioles and Tigers. Tony Conigliaro and George Scott are definite home run threats and each should drive in 90 runs apiece again. Carl Yastrzemski, who, unfortunately, never has maintained good rapport with his managers, is an ex-baiting champion and always ranks up there with the league's best hitters. Rookie Reggie Smith, a switch-hitting center fielder who starts the season at second, won the International League's batting title last year, and Joe Foy has good power. Even slender Shortstop Rico Petrocelli (.238) hit 18 home runs in 1966, but Rico tended to develop injuries last year whenever he went eight at bats or so without a hit—something he managed quite frequently. There is power on the bench, too, with Tony Horton, Don Demeter and George Thomas José Tietz (all .277) plays center against right-handers. Despite all this, the Red Sox never have been able to execute the fundamental maneuvers that win ball games—the bunt, the hit-and-run, the sacrifice fly, the stolen base.

DEFENSE If just two of these sore-armed, sorehead pitchers become healthy and dependable, the Red Sox could have enough pitching to move up sharply in the standings. But they have been putting "it" before the Bennetts and the Moreheads and the Stephensons for too many years now. So Jim Lonborg, Darrell Brandon, rookie left-hander Bill Rohr, Lee Stange and José Santiago will be the starters—a prospect that won't cause too many hitters around the league to lose sleep. Bullpen veterans Don McMahon, John Wyatt and Dan Osmek will see a lot of work. Petrocelli could make the infield outstanding, and Reggie Smith has one of the best outfield arms in baseball. But new Manager Dick Williams must teach the supposedly experienced Yastrzemski to throw either to the cutoff man or to the right base, bases that Carl has never learned.

OUTLOOK Dick Williams promises not to tolerate the traditional Red Sox traits of individualism, inattention and ineptitude. If he can find some pitching, too, the 1967 Sox may revive baseball in Boston.



NEW YORK YANKEES

OFFENSE Gone are the footloose of home runs and the profusion of timely hits that made the Yankees the most awesome team in baseball for more than four decades. Last year they were seventh in batting (.235) and last in the majors in winning one-run games (15-38). The Yankees' big man, psychologically and statistically, is still Mickey Vento, who in little more than half a season of play had 23 homers and 56 RBIs. Joe Pepitone had 31 home runs and 83 RBIs, but Joe had 252 more at bats than Mickey. Hopefully, hitting help for Manager Ralph Houk will come from a revived Tom Tresh and from Rookie Outfielders Bill Robinson (20 HRs, 79 RBIs, .312 in the minors) and Steve Whitaker (who had 32 home runs and 102 RBIs with three teams in the minors and majors last season). Elston Howard is not the hitter he used to be, and no one else has that old Yankee look.

DEFENSE If the Mantle experiment at first base continues successfully in regular-season play the Yankees will have a reasonably set lineup, though the infield, with Mantle, Horace Clarke at second, John Kennedy at short and Charlie Smith at third, is a far cry from the collections of fielding wizards the Yankees used to have. The outfield is much better, with Tresh in left, Pepitone in center and the Robinson-Whitaker combo in right. With Howard fighting off age and Jake Gibbs, the catching is acceptable, but the pitching staff is confusing. Whitey Ford, Mel Stottlemyre, Jim Bouton, Al Downing, Fritz Peterson, Fred Talbot and rookie Stan Bahnen could comprise the strongest half dozen or so starters in the league, but each one is an if; each one must prove himself. Relievers Steve Hamilton, Docoley Womack and Hal Reniff may get a boost from Thad Tilton, but none of this bullpen crew is a real stopper, the sort who can trudge to the mound in a late inning, throw three pitches and put a winning ball game in his pocket. Just one more thing the new-look Yankees lack.

OUTLOOK Last season's Yankees scored only one run less than they gave up, yet finished last. Statistically, they are a .500 team and they should finish somewhere in the middle of the standings.

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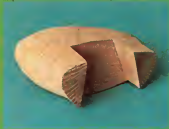
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WHEN BASEBALL WENT TO WAR

During World War II baseball lost 500 players to the service, but the game managed to survive a one-armed outfielder and a Browns' pennant
BY FRANK GRAHAM JR.

Frank Frisch sat in an old leather armchair in the study of his home in Bradford, R.I., nursing his arthritis. Outside, the ground was covered by the untidy snows of late winter.

"Can you imagine trying to get a ball club in shape in this kind of weather?" Frisch said. "This is what spring training was like during the war. Muncie, Indiana? Oh, brother!"

Frank managed the Pittsburgh Pirates (a trial under any circumstances in those days) during World War II. "Spring training was the worst time," he said. "The uncertainty—the rumors that the owners would shut down. If we started the season, how far could we go? Were there going to be enough ballplayers?"

In Europe, Africa and Asia, American fighting men carried on the most desperate war in our history. Here at home baseball men were engaged in a rather absurd but frantic little struggle to satisfy a vague directive of the President of the United States. And men like Frank Frisch, Ford Frick—and, yes, Sig Jakucki—kept a game alive.

As baseball's 16 major league teams prepared for spring training in 1944, they clung to existence by no very certain tenure. The game's relations with Washington, like Red China's today, were uneasy and unofficial. Commissioner Kenesaw Mountain Landis, car-

rying his grudges to the grave, detested Franklin Delano Roosevelt and would have nothing to do with him. Clark Griffith, owner of the Washington Senators, and Ford Frick, president of the National League, kept open a clandestine pipeline to the seats of power.

Baseball owners cast many fearful glances toward Washington in those days, half expecting the sort of "Work or Fight" order that had come from the War Department during World War I to curtail the 1918 season. Hoping to dispel the uncertainty, Griffith and Frick extracted from Roosevelt early in 1942 the letter that gave baseball a "green light." Its existence during time of war was justified, Roosevelt wrote, by its healthy effect on civilian morale.

Yet jitteriness abounded. When, early in 1944, Paul V. McNutt of the War Manpower Commission expressed some doubt about baseball's place in the war effort, a reporter rushed to Ed Barrow, the president of the New York Yankees.

"Did you hear that McNutt said baseball isn't essential?" the reporter asked Barrow.

"Whoever said it was?" Barrow asked in reply.

Recalling those days recently, Ford Frick said, "Our problem was the same as that faced by any other nonessential business. We tried to keep our nose

clean. We never made a plea to have exceptions made in our case. I paid several visits to General Hershey, Director of the Selective Service System, and he assured me that ballplayers would be treated like anybody else. 'But don't ask for any favors,' he said."

Baseball had had little trouble for two years. Even as late as 1943 each team was able to field enough "name" players to sustain an illusion of the real thing. But 1944, everyone realized, was going to be a harrowing experience. *The Sporting News* reported that more than 60% of the players who had appeared in the starting lineups on Opening Day 1941 had departed. The Yankees had lost all nine starters (eight had entered the armed forces and one, Red Rolfe, was coaching at Yale). Many of the game's greatest players—including Joe DiMaggio, Bob Feller and Hank Greenberg—already had been in the service for a year or two. The military had even managed the hitherto unprecedented feat of draping Ted Williams and Bill Veck at neckties.

Several owners, like the St. Louis Cardinals' Sam Breadon and the Cleveland Indians' Alva Bradley, doubted that baseball would be able to survive through the season. "It's too grand a game to be turned into a farce," Bradley said. "If I can't present baseball of high quality I'll close my park." Others agreed with Ed Barrow, who insisted he would carry on even if he had to hold his squad to 16 players.

Partly because of travel restrictions and partly because of the image it might create in the public mind, Commissioner Landis disapproved of wartime spring training camps in Florida and California. "I do not propose," he said, "to have athletes lolling about on the sands in some semitropical climate." He decreed that teams train north of the Potomac and Ohio rivers and east of the Mississippi, prompting one reporter to say, "It sounds like a treaty with the French and Indians."

There was a frantic search for suitable training camps near home. The New York Giants settled in Lakewood, N.J., because someone had told Owner Horace Stoneham that the surrounding pine trees kept out the winter winds and dampness. The Yankees trained at As-

bury Park, N.J. in 1943 and at Atlantic City in 1944. The Senators found a haven only a few miles from Washington at the University of Maryland.

Universities were specially favored sites for training because of the big field houses, which sheltered the athletes from the biting weather. The Indians chose Purdue University at Lafayette, Ind., then learned they could not use the field house until after the first class had left at 4:30. The Pirates trained at Muncie, where the high school gymnasium was available. Manager Frisch recalls, "One had feature about training in a gym was that the players all wanted to play basketball. I didn't stop them. At least they were working up a sweat."

The teams opened training that spring against a backdrop of violent headlines. The U.S. Navy was shelling targets in the Marshall Islands, American troops stormed Monte Cassino, the Russians drove the Nazis before them in Bessarabia and heavy bombers pounded Frankfurt. Both the St. Louis Browns and the Cardinals pushed back the opening of training a week to allow the players to remain a little longer at their jobs in defense plants. More players were drafted.

The training camps were beset by a mixture of youngsters and 41's who rushed to fill the void. So many free agents flocked to the Indians' camp that the clubhouse man ran out of uniforms. It was estimated that there were 150 41's of varying talent in the baseball camps that spring. Physical deficiencies were considered assets. "What's his draft classification?" general managers asked when a player was offered for sale or trade. A hearing defect kept the Giants' Bill Vosselle out of uniform. The Yankees' George Starnweiss suffered from stomach ulcers, the Browns' Nelson Potter had had cartilages removed from both knees and the Dodgers' Howie (Stretch) Schultz exceeded the Army's limits on height.

No training camp surpassed in wartime variety that of the Philadelphia Athletics, over which the 81-year-old Connie Mack presided at Frederick, Md., and whose bright stars included a pitcher with heart trouble and a three-toed outfielder. One young man, already discharged by the Army, arrived with a trunkload of gloves.

Continued



A cigar-smoking general sees a 7th Air Force private (left) Sergeant Joe DiMaggio, Ted Williams earns his pilot wings, Hank Greenberg totes a barracks bag and Bob Feller, in a pop tie, is sworn into the Navy by Gene Tunney.

(then in short supply among civilians) that he had fished from the athletic department at his Army camp. Another, who owned a butcher shop, sold black-market meat to teammates.

Perhaps the most delightful of all was Jittery Joe Berry. Jittery Joe's specialty was hypnotizing base runners. He would fix the runner with a glassy stare from his position on the mound, inch toward him, still staring, then try to trap him with a snap throw. There is no record that he ever completed the maneuver successfully.

The Dodgers, too, had a memorable training camp. They went north to train, selecting the Bear Mountain Inn on the Hudson River near West Point. Just after they arrived they were hit by what the players called "the blizzard of '44." The photographers were delighted by the pictures they snapped of athletes in the snow, but for two weeks the weather was dreadful.

The players included the usual assortment of the aged and infirm. Leading them was Manager Leo Durocher, himself an Army reject because of a perforated eardrum, a disability which *The Sporting News* announced with the following headline: LITELY, THE UNFORTHUNATE EMBARRASSED, JUST RUM DRUM TO UNCLE SAM.

The Dodgers' roster included Ben Chapman, who had been an outfielder and was now, at 35, making a comeback as a pitcher; Ray Hayworth, a 39-year-old catcher who had retired from baseball two years before; and Tommy Warren, a 23-year-old pitcher who had been discharged from the Navy after having been badly wounded at Casablanca. But here the similarity to the other major league camps ended. Bear Mountain was alive with ballplayers, good ballplayers, a population phenomenon that traced back to a decision made earlier by Branch Rickey.

"The other ball clubs had dropped all but about five of their scouts," Fresno Thompson, now a Dodger vice-president, recalls. "They figured there wasn't any sense in signing young players who would soon be drafted. But Mr. Rickey said, 'We'll gamble. We'll sign every good young player we can get our hands on.' We had no competition. We picked up Duke Snider, Carl Erskine, Clem Labine, Gil Hodges, Rex Barney, Carl Furillo and dozens of others."

More than 200 players passed through

Bear Mountain in 1944, that spring of scarcity elsewhere. Most of them were downy-cheeked boys for whom the immediate future held only an Army uniform. But after that, for many, lay stardom. The inn was known as "the day nursery." In the evenings the players were taken to the movies at nearby Highland Falls.

"I was used to players coming to me for advances on their salaries," says Harold Parrott, who was then the Dodgers' traveling secretary, "but I think Duke Snider was the first player who ever asked me for candy money."

Baseball, like every other business, tried to eliminate unnecessary travel during the war, and long trips to play exhibition games were ruled out. However, the Army camps and naval training stations fielded their own teams and Washington encouraged the big leagues to play the camp teams for the entertainment of the recruits. The opposition was not feeble. Often, when a professional player was drafted, he found himself playing for his camp team. At Frederick, the Athletics played the Curtis Bay Coast Guard team, which sent a bus to pick them up and bring them home. Wartime A's still remember the home runs that Coast Guardsman Sid Gordon, an civilian days a slugging outfielder with the Giants, lofted over distant barracks.

With the disappearance of the snow and the opening of the pennant races, confidence spread through baseball, though no one pretended that life in the big leagues had not changed, any more than a man who tried to buy a vest with his new suit failed to notice the restrictions of wartime shopping.

The playing equipment was inferior. Although the War Production Board had recently released synthetic rubber for nonessential purposes, replacing the supplies of crude rubber that had been blocked by Japan's victories in the East Indies, the manufacturers could not yet provide satisfactory wood and leather to produce a prewar baseball. The balls were knocked lopsided rather quickly. Yet the dramatic decline in home runs hit during the war could be blamed less on the ball than on the absence of the great sluggers; Nick Eiten of the Yankees was to lead the American League in home runs in 1944 with 22.

Abnormality was the rule. Broadcasts of the games were relayed overseas by the Armed Forces Network, but even

the announcers who were limited to a domestic audience had to be careful during the war not to give valuable information to the enemy. Dizzy Dean broadcasting in St. Louis, was reprimanded because he told his listeners one day that it was raining. The next time a game was called, Diz was on guard.

"Well, folks," he said, "they ain't goin' to play anymore today. I can't tell you the reason, but if you'll just stick your head out the window I think you'll be able to figure it out for yourself."

One change in the pattern of the war as 1944 began could be detected in the permission granted the Giants and Dodgers to play 14 night games apiece. Previously, the presence of Nazi submarines off the East Coast had caused dimwits to go into effect in coastal cities (a black-out drill called immediately after the final out of the 1942 All-Star Game had nearly precipitated a panic at the Polo Grounds). By 1944 the sub menace had abated, and the government encouraged night baseball because of the "relaxation" it afforded the workers in defense plants.

As the season began, the baseball writers picked the Cardinals and Yankees, who had met in the World Series in 1942 and 1943, to win again. The Cardinals, still clinging to Stan Musial, Marty Marion, Walker Cooper and a fine pitching staff, were a sound choice. The Yankees, wiped out by the draft, were less so. To sample at random the box scores of that season is to strike a succession of resonant chords within the breast of any old fan worthy of the name—Frankie Zak . . . Dominic Dallesandro . . . Clyde Klutz . . . Whitey Wietelmann . . . Leon Treadway . . . Tony Criscola . . . Mike Milosevich . . . Rufus Gentry . . . Tom Sunkel . . . Roberto Estalella . . . Mike Garbark . . . Ace T. Adams . . . John Dickshot . . . George Binks . . . Japhet (Red) Lynn. One could go on till one babbles.

The war changed little at Ebbets Field, where chaos ruled. Aching for a shortstop, the Dodgers plucked 16-year-old Tommy Brown off the Brooklyn sandlots. Though Durocher refused to let him keep the carton of cigarettes awarded by the sponsor of the Dodgers' broadcasts to players who hit home runs, Brown otherwise fared no worse than most of his teammates.

The difficulties in moving a ball club about, always severe during the war,

were sometimes compounded by the players' demands. The Dodgers, like other teams, traveled by Pullman, with the regulars being assigned to the lower berths. It was Durocher's opinion that a manager could replace nine wartime players with nine others and never notice the difference. Yet, with the team off to a poor start, Leo juggled his lineup, inserting Goody Rosen in center field. Rosen collected three hits that day, and two the next. After the game he approached Road Secretary Parrott.

"How about a lower berth?" he asked. "Sorry," Parrott said, "I don't have one."

"I'm a regular now," Rosen said. "I'm entitled to one."

Parrott took the dispute to Durocher. "I've got a problem, Leo," he said. "Rosen wants a lower berth, and I don't have one left."

"I'll take care of it," Durocher said calmly.

"How?" Parrott asked. "I'll take him out of the lineup."

The minor leagues, where conditions are seldom pleasant even in the best of times, struggled to survive the war. Players were terribly scarce. The very young, on whom the minors ordinarily depended, were in the armed forces. Older men, who might have been tempted by the fame and gold of the majors, preferred the high salaries of defense work to the low ones of the minor leagues.

Teams often filled out their squads with part-time players—fellows who worked in gas stations or factories by day and pulled on baseball uniforms at night. Others imported players from Cuba. F. J. (Buzze) Bavasi, who was general manager of the Dodgers' farm team at Valdosta, Ga., made his pitch over the local radio station.

"If you're within sound of my voice," Bavasi would say, "and you want to play baseball, come and try out with our team."

Most of the strange occurrences in baseball in World War II live on today only in the memories of aging baseball men. This is not the case, however, with that era's most spectacular aberration. The St. Louis Browns are extinct, but their single pennant, won in 1944, lives on in the record books.

The Browns, fortified by 18 4Fs on their squad, swept their first nine games to tie what was then a modern major league record. They faltered briefly in

May, jumped back into first place in June and pulled away to a seven-game lead. It would be nice to report that a warm glow and encouraging sentiments ("If we can't win it, we'd like to see the Browns win their first pennant") spread through the league. But the truth is, everybody else in the league hated the Brownies' guts.

Managed by Luke Sewell, they were a gruff, combative crew. Quick to take offense, the Browns towed their own storm clouds with them. One of the season's most tumultuous brawls occurred in Washington. The Senators, who already had had more than their share of trouble with the Browns, sent up George Case to squeeze in an insurance run. Case fouled off the hunt.

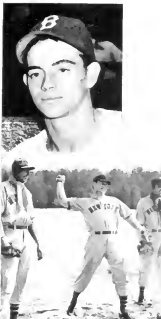
"Are you afraid to swing?" Nelson Potter sneered from the pitcher's mound. Words not nicely describable were exchanged, and Case charged Potter. Brownies and Senators erupted onto the field, throwing punches.

The darkest clouds usually were detected over the Browns' clubhouse itself. Rumors of dissension persisted during the season, occasionally supported by events on the playing field. Browne pitchers seemed particularly sensitive, especially when Sewell appeared on the mound to relieve them. The most notable outburst occurred one afternoon when right-hander Tex Shirley, rather than surrender the ball to his manager, heaved it into the bleachers.

But when oldtimers recall their wartime favorites, the name *Sag Jakucki* appears near the top of the list. Jakucki's background was unusual even for a Browne. He had served a hitch in the Army during the 1930s, becoming the star slugger on a service team in Hawaii. One of the team's tours of the Pacific even took him to Japan. He came out of the Army to pitch in the Browns' farm system and later, briefly, for the Browns themselves.

Jakucki had been out of baseball for five years when the Browns asked him to return in 1944, but he proved to be one of their pitching stars down the stretch. A big fellow, 6 feet 2 and 200 pounds, he preferred fighting to pitching, and he treated the Browns' training rules with utter disdain. It was he, more than any other player, who gave the swinging Browns their reputation.

The Cardinals, the only big-league team to resemble its prewar



Brooklyn used 16-year-old Tarey Brown (top). Gent pitches (below) in spring training. Chilled fans watched George Sornweiss bat in Yankee training camp.

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BASEBALL AT WAR *Continued*

model, overpowered the rest of the National League and coasted toward their third straight pennant. Meanwhile, the Browns slumped and dissipated their lead. They fell behind the Tigers, who were carried along on the arms of Hal Newhouser and Dizzy Trout, and the Yankees, who were carried along by force of habit. Newhouser and Trout were remarkable. In 1934 the Dean brothers had won 49 games for the Cardinals; in 1944 Newhouser (29) and Trout (27) were to win 56.

Yet the Browns, swirling down the stretch in a succession of heroic afternoons and contentious evenings, kept pace with Detroit. They trailed the Tigers by a single game as they met the Yankees at St. Louis in their final four-game series of the season. The Tigers had four to play with Washington.

Fielding sensationally, the Browns swept three in a row from the Yankees to move into a tie for first place with Detroit. On the final day of the season the biggest crowd (37,518) ever to see the Browns play at Sportsman's Park created a World Series atmosphere.

Did tension grip the wartime Browns? Hardly.



Pace Grey, the one-armed outfielder

"We were loose and cool, kind of like the old Gas House Gang," infielder Don Gutteridge, himself an old Gas Houseer, has said. "Before the last game Zeke Zarilla was chipping golf balls out of a sandbox in the clubhouse. And when Sewell went out to the coaching lines during the game, Ellis Clary turned on a radio in the dugout so we could listen to a football game."

Sewell selected Jakucki to bring the Browns their first pennant. Chet Laabs, a "weekend player" early in the season who had quit his job in a nearby war plant when the Browns had moved off to a fast start, drove in four runs with two homers. In the no-nonsense time of one hour and 38 minutes Jakucki stopped the Yankees with six hits and beat them 5-2. The Tigers lost to the Senators. It was only the Browns' 89th victory of the season, but it was enough to win this wartime pennant.

And so the two teams that shared Sportsman's Park squared off there in the World Series. Moreover, it was scarcely considered an oddity in that time of acute housing shortages that the opposing managers, Sewell and the Cardinals' Billy Southworth, shared an apartment in St. Louis during the season. When Sewell's family arrived in town for the Series, Southworth moved into a hotel.

As the intercity rivals prepared to battle for the world championship, baseball fans cast a rather wistful eye on Hawaii, where the Navy was subduing the Army for the "Servicemen's" championship. Newspaper stories noted that the stars of this distant series were John Mize, Joe Gordon, Virgil (Fire) Trucks and Schoolboy Rowe. It required a certain adjustment of the eye to dwell again on St. Louis, where Denny Galehouse, who had been working in an Akron war plant when the season began, beat the Cardinals in the opening game 2-1.

The Browns startled everyone by winning two of the first three games. Then the Cardinals, with Marion playing superbly at shortstop, re-created for a moment the spectacle of big-league baseball. Harry Brecheen, Mort Cooper and Max Lanier, with Ted Wilks in relief, gave the Browns two runs in the next three games and the Cardinals swept to the championship.

The end of the World Series coincided with a wave of optimism that had rolled across America. The Allies had breached

Continued

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the Siegfried Line near Aachen. According to dispatches from the front, the whole of the Rhineland lay at their feet.

Even the death in November of Commissioner Landis did not dim baseball's optimism. The names of General Douglas MacArthur and General George C. Marshall appeared in the papers as "candidates" to succeed Landis (though Ford Frick maintains that they were never mentioned in baseball's inner councils). Since these titans were preoccupied with weightier matters, the job eventually went by default to Kentucky's Senator Albert B. Chandler, who campaigned for it.

But then came the boiling tide of the Battle of the Bulge. The shock waves of that battle rolled right on through the halls of power in Washington and struck anxiety into the hearts of baseball men. In the calls for "renewed effort," they thought they detected the game's death knell. James F. Byrnes, the War Mobilization director, asked the horse and dog racing tracks to close down. On December 23, Byrnes wrote his thoughts about athletes to General Hershey:

"They prove to thousands by their great physical feats upon the football or baseball field that they are physically fit and as able to perform military service as are the 11 million men in uniform."

The upswing that baseball had anticipated collapsed along with the hopes for an early victory. By the end of 1944 major league baseball had sent 470 players to the armed forces. Now even the world champion Cardinals were dismantled as Musial, Lanier, Walker Cooper and other stars departed. Teams refused to release the names of players who had signed their contracts, believing that this sort of publicity was undesirable.

Yet baseball need not have feared resentment. Servicemen who had been fans before the war remained fans during it. Bob Feller, who distinguished himself in the Navy, described the attitudes of the men overseas: "There are some things at home that they gripe about, but a few hundred 4Fs and over-age men playing baseball isn't one of them."

Governor Thomas E. Dewey of New York, who ran against Franklin Roosevelt in the 1944 presidential election, said that sports were of "great importance in building and maintaining morale." It is only in totalitarian countries that they try to eliminate sports in wartime.

By spring baseball had won its struggle to survive.

The 1945 season opened as the world rushed through those last violent months toward peace. Roosevelt was dead, V-E day approaching. The season began with Pete Gray and closed with Hank Greenberg. It was the longest journey the game has ever made.

Young fans believe their elders are putting them on when they report that a one-armed man played outfield in the major leagues during World War II. But Pete Gray was one of those phenomena you have to see to really believe, like dodos or flying saucers. Gray had lost his right arm in a truck accident as a child. A good natural athlete, he had kept on with sports, and as a semipro before the war had proved himself not only a gate attraction but a skillful ball-player.

The war opened a door for him into professional baseball. Moving up quickly through the minors, he joined Memphis of the Southern Association in 1944. He was accorded no special treatment because of his handicap. When he set off on a hitting streak, one rival team held a pregame meeting to discuss ways of coping with him.

"The first time he comes up, knock him down," the manager ordered.

"But you can't knock down a one-armed guy," a pitcher protested.

"Who invited the son of a bitch into the league?" was the manager's unanswerable justification.

Gray kept on hitting at Memphis and finished the season with a .333 average, five home runs and 68 stolen bases. He was voted the association's Most Valuable Player. At the plate Gray held a 35-ounce bat in his left hand, choking it about three inches. He had quick reflexes and a level swing, and sometimes hit for distance. In the field he slipped his hand only partway into a glove from which all the padding had been removed. When he caught a ball he slid the glove under his right armpit, rolled the ball out of it across his chest and, grabbing it, quickly threw it back to the infield.

The Browns bought Gray in 1945. A moody, belligerent fellow, he made no friends among his teammates. In fact, one old Brownie recalls a vicious clubhouse fight between Gray and Jakucki, the latter holding one arm behind his back while he lashed out at Gray. Unable to cope with major league pitching,

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BASEBALL AT WAR *continued*

Gray batted only .218 with the Browns, but he was something to see and he provided the American League with an excellent gate attraction at a time when it desperately needed one.

Other clubs went to outlandish lengths to field the required number of players. For a shortstop, the Dodgers were counting on a former violinist with the Buffalo Civic Symphony named Eddie Basinski, who was temporarily frozen to his defense job. Present also at Ebbets Field was the legendary Floyd Caves (Babe) Herman, a Dodger hero from 1926 to 1931, whose eccentric style of play had been absent from the big leagues for seven years. The Dodgers summoned him out of the past to be a pinch hitter. The Babe, true to form, stroked a base hit on his first time at bat, tripped and fell rounding first base and was obliged to scramble back on his hands and knees to avoid being tagged out.

And then the headlines: GREENBERG RETURNS! The Tigers' big slugger, one of the earliest to enter the Army, became the first of the great prowar players to return to baseball, joining his old team at midpoint in a close pennant race.

"I hope most of the boys will start their comebacks in spring training," Greenberg said as he struggled to regain his timing at bat. "It's tough this way."

Despite Greenberg, the patchwork touches of wartime were still visible. The Yankees activated Paul Schreiber, their 42-year-old batting-practice pitcher who had not thrown a ball in the major leagues since 1923. And Bert Shepard, a minor league pitcher who had lost his right leg when his plane had been shot down over Germany, appeared in one game for the Senators.

Yet, amid rumors that the World Series would be played that fall in Berlin's Olympic Stadium ("In reality, the Army just didn't want to be bothered with us," Frick says today), baseball was moving into the postwar era. The war in Europe ended in May and by V-J day the drizzle of returning veterans had become almost a flood. Bob Feller, Red Ruffing, Charlie Keller and Hugh Mulcahy (the first big-leaguer to have been drafted) were back.

The Cardinals, stripped of their stars, fell behind the Cubs in the National League. The Browns dropped out of the American League race as the Tigers (led by Newhouser and Greenberg) battled the Senators down the stretch. It was Manager Luke Sewell who put a

symbolic end to the Browns' transient glory when, on August 31, he ordered Sid Jakucki to turn in his uniform for insubordination and violation of training rules. "He'll never pitch for the Browns again," Sewell said, consigning his erstwhile ace to oblivion.

The Senators finished this oddest of baseball seasons a week before the rest of the league because Owner Clark Griffith, carrying enterprise to absurdity, wanted to get baseball out of the way so that he could rent his park to the Redskins for their opening football game. While the Senators, one game out of first place, nibbled their fingernails for the last seven days, the Tigers were after the pennant. They clinched it on the final day of the season when Greenberg hit a grand-slam home run against the Browns in the ninth inning.

Wartime baseball and its practitioners sputtered to a fittingly incoherent climax in the 1945 World Series. Of this contest between the Tigers and the Cubs, Chicago Sportsman Warren Brown predicted, "I don't believe either team can win."

He was nearly right. The stands were filled with baseball men eagerly greeting each other after an interval of four years. In Tokyo the newspaper *Mainichi* set up loudspeakers and a giant scoreboard in front of its downtown office. Japanese civilians and American occupation troops stood side by side as they followed the progress of the games. But on the playing field base runners tripped over phantom obstacles, outfielders let baseballs skip under, over and through them, and the Tigers outlasted the Cubs to win in seven games.

In the clubhouse after the final game the writers and photographers crowded about the Tigers' hero, Hank Greenberg. Moving on the fringes of the shouting group, Columnist Red Smith overheard two 18-year-old players talking.

"I guess the stars dress in this corner," one said.

"What are we doing here?" the other asked.

The first boy grinned. "Never mind," he said. "In a few years this mob will be around me."

Smith made a note of the names over their lockers. The kids were Billy Pierce and Art Houtteman, who between them were to win almost 300 major league games in the years after the war. Red had been eavesdropping on baseball's golden tomorrow. **END**

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Canadian colleges seldom give athletic scholarships, but last week the Premier of British Columbia decided there was one deserving freshman at Notre Dame University in Nelson, B.C. He awarded 23-year-old **Nancy Grevess**, the world champion women's skier, a \$5,000 grant-in-aid for "her sacrifice [Nancy quit the university in 1961 after one semester to concentrate on skiing], and because she is such a symbol of young people today."

Terry Downes, the former British middleweight champion, describes his first role on the stage like this: "The play's by Sean O'Casey. 'An' I'm the British heavy, so I bursts open the doors, screams about a bit and gets tough (below) with some thick micks who are plotting something or other against the Crown." The play, Sean O'Casey's *Shadow of a Gunman*, opened at London's Marmalade Theatre last week. For his 30-line part as a Black and Tan soldier, Downes is being paid \$85 a week. He says, "It's not even my fare down here, but I took this part because you've got to be seen to be appreciated. I like acting. It's professional showing off. But I don't think I'll make a stage actor. Going to the theater, doing the same thing night after night is a bit

weird. 'Specially as I can only do mimbbling heavies, roles I can play as I am."

To get its team off the ground, at least publicly speaking, the owners of the New Orleans franchise of the newly formed American Basketball Association drafted World Indoor Pole Vault Champion **Bob Seagren**. "This is hilarious, it's impossible," said Seagren when first told about it. "I haven't touched a basketball since I was in grammar school in Pomona. We used to have pickup games after school. I've never played in an organized league in my life." USC Track Coach Vern Wolfe was appalled when told Seagren had been drafted. "I thought they were talking about the Selective Service Draft," Wolfe said.

In the latest issue of *Vogue*, **Truman Capote** tells of a nonfiction "midnight nightmare" aboard the 112-foot yacht *Trifone*. He writes, "Greta Moun Oh oh oh hold on to the wall. And crawl. . . Slowly, slowly, one at a time. Yes, I am crawling up the stairs from my cabin (where green waves are smashing against the portholes), crawling towards the presumed safety of the saloon. . . The saloon is a greenhouse of flowering plants—a huge Rubens dominates the wall above

an arrangement of brown velvet couches. But . . . the saloon, when at last I've crawled my way to it, is a rocking wreck. A television set is overturned. Bottles from the bar are rolling on the floor. Bodies are strewn all over like the aftermath of an Indian massacre. One of the choicest belongs to Lee (Radziwill). As

books was lagging. "I thought it was time to give the industry a boost," says Bill Luscombe of Pelham Books. He convinced the three athletes to allow ghost-written novels to be published in their names. Denis Law says of his *Golden Boots*, "It's not a bad book. Fans may possibly be deceived, but I can't



I crawl past her, she opens a sea-sick eye and, in a hospital whisper, says: 'Oh, it's you. What time is it?' . . . presently Luciana (Pignatelli) appears. Luciana, looking impossibly serene and lovely. . . 'Oh Luciana,' says Lee in a grieving, drowning tone, 'how ever did you do it? And Luciana, buttering a slice of toast and spreading it with apricot jam, says: 'Do what, darling?' [Says Lee] 'Put on your face. I'm trembling so—I can't hold a lipstick. . .'

On sale this week in English bookstores are two novels—*The Golden Boots*, by Soccer Player **Denis Law**, and *Bonaventure and the Floating Blade*, by Cricketer **Gary Sobers**. Due in September is *The Torella Tigers*, a story by **Graham Hill** of a youngster who takes up motor racing and, despite trials and tribulations, becomes a champion. The literary efforts of Law, Sobers and Hill began a year ago when a British publisher decided the sale of boys'

help that. Writing's not my business." Author **J. B. Priestley**, whose business is writing, disagrees. "This takes all the honor out of publishing," he says. "It's a very bad thing."

Accompanied by violins, flutes and timpani, **Archie Moore** gave a rendition (above) of Exodus XX last week. With the 70-piece Washington State University symphony orchestra playing background music, he solemnly recited the chapter of the Bible that includes the Ten Commandments. "Sometimes," says Archie, "the chapter takes me 15 minutes to recite and sometimes I stretch it out to almost an hour. I add more gestures and pauses, and speak more slowly." He learned the passage two years ago from an evangelist at a revival. "I was softly impressed, and it gave me solace," Moore explains. "I used to like jazz and write jazz columns for newspapers, but now I have been moved toward spiritual and symphonic music."



Laughter in the wings, murder on the court

Jimmy Jacobs, perennial king of four-wall singles, picked the wrong time to abdicate. While he eased to a doubles win, two brilliant newcomers, battling as fiercely as only he had in the past, usurped his crown

Just for laughs, the king was out this year, and because he was, those eager young singles players who have been heaving and slashing and scrambling around handball courts for the last decade, all for the inglorious distinction of being named No. 2, came steaming into San Francisco's Olympic Club last week with lips wet and heads held high.

The king—James Leslie Jacobs, possibly the finest four-wall handball player ever and winner of six national singles titles—is 37 this year and has a sore back. "What do I have to prove?" asked Jacobs, and the answer, of course, was nothing. So he entered the national doubles with Marty Decatur, a gaunt-faced New Yorker with a whiplike right arm, and for these two, at least, it indeed was a laugh a minute. In three previous championships they had played 36 games, winning 36. Things were just as one-sided this time. Six teams stepped forward, six teams limped out, and the only reason Jacobs and Decatur bothered to shower afterward is that the Olympic Club is a proud old institution and gentlemen are expected to sponge down, with or without a sweat.

What a waste. Jacobs picked exactly the wrong year to ignore the singles bracket. No doubt he would have been favored to win had he entered, though he would have had to call on all his guile and quickness and endurance to justify the odds. For, while the king was resting, two players no one had ever heard of until last year when they finished first and second in the nationals (Jacobs was out of that one too, because of his aching back) were at it again and proving emphatically they were no one's passing fancy. Paul Haber, the winner in 1966, and Bill Yambriek, runner-up, simply demolished all comers, each losing but a single game, and then engaged in what Jacobs himself called "one of the great matches." For two hours they zipped after balls traveling close to 100 miles an hour, slammed into walls, dived headlong on the floor and generally comport-

ed themselves as if the loser were to be trundled off for a life in jail. Both players, in fact, were doing things most people thought only Jacobs could master. At the end Haber was again the champion but, with 21-16 and 21-20 victories, a very limp champion.

It was just the sort of bloodletting the Olympic Club needed. Civil rights groups have had it in for the 107-year-old club lately. Why, they have been asking, are there no Negroes or Jews in the Olympic Club of San Francisco? Why, indeed, asked Archbishop Joseph T. McGucken, a member. Why, indeed, asked the University of Oregon and UCLA, who canceled Rugby matches.

A handball tournament was just the thing to cool things, at least momentarily, because if you take the Jews out of handball, what do you have? Unspiked punch. So the doors were flung wide, and in tramped anyone who could muster the \$12 entry fee. "Playing here may be the height of hypocrisy," said Jacobs. "Or then again, it may be a start."

The real start for the tournament came with its upsets. Of the eight quarter-finalists, five were stark newcomers, still blinking in the light. If nothing else, they proved that the old guard was changing. Even Haber, seeded first, had the gallery in a deep state of puzzlement. Last year he was a 12-point underdog in every match right up to the finals. Against Decatur, in fact, he was still a five-point underdog after winning the first game 21-11. It was not until the finals this year that it dawned on anybody that he was for real and ready to pick up the maltreatment of all comers right where Jacobs had left off.

At 31 Paul Haber brought 25 years of experience into the nationals, and if you insist on making a mathematical thing of it, that would make him 6 years old when he started. There are those who insist it was six years before that, when Haber's father, Sam, four times a doubles champion, flipped a handball into Paul's bassinet while his mother

was out warming the bottle. At 9, Paul had the audacity to play Vic Hershkowitz, one of the best of all handballers—four-wall, three-wall, one-wall or your grandfather's garage door. Like most youngsters, Haber was anxious to be all places on the court at the same time. Hershkowitz told him to stop that nonsense, pointing out that such flopping around would undoubtedly bring approving gasps from the crowd, but it would also put him in a rotten position to get what was coming next. Haber listened well, and now, as one of his opponents noted last week, he is inevitably on his feet for the shot that formerly he made with a belly whopper.

There was also the question of a ceiling. Haber first discovered its benefits when he was 20, and he uses it as no player has since Jacobs. In a semifinal match, challenger Bob Bourdeau (another one of the new faces) time and again zipped the ball up the left side—beautiful passing shots that should have set up kills off Haber's returns. Not only did Haber reach the ball, he got it up high and with feeling. Boink—off the ceiling. Boink—off the back wall, and instead of Bourdeau being up front with blood in his eye, he was racing backwards for the return. "It breaks your rhythm," said Jacobs. "And, more important, it breaks your heart."

Haber had played Jacobs in the nationals in 1960, when Jimmy was at the top of his game. "I played well," said Haber. "Boy, was I hot. Boy, did he massacre me." That was seven years ago and, as Jacobs said, "There is a resemblance between Haber 1960 and Haber 1967, the name. Nothing more. For one thing, he is now the complete player. I mean, he's learned defense. Young players with great arms are always on offense. Wham, wham, wham, up front or way back. And it kills them. Paul now knows before he shoots whether to go to offense or defense. That's one of the reasons you rarely see him off balance."

Yambriek is offensive-minded, but if

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HANDBALL

that is a weakness, he compensates for it with the best left hand in town—and that includes left-handers. Yambriek got that way in his junior year in high school after players who were absolute slobos used to beat him with easy little serves along the left wall. Yambriek took care of that by making one summer a left-handed affair. "Now I have so much confidence with my left I almost depend on it too much."

It was a point that Haber had not missed. "When I can I'll keep it to his right," he said. Good theory, hard to do. Yambriek, five years younger and just a shade quicker, got a quick jump on the champion, but it held up for only half the game. Slowly Haber clawed away at the lead and finally went ahead 10-9. The trouble was, it was excruciatingly hard work. Both players got to and returned shots they had no business even seeing. Instead of the rally ending in orthodox fashion, it would go on and on until the crowd could stand it no longer and would be up and yelling in spite of the referee's severest frowns.

Eventually Haber got the score his way, 18-13, but at that point slammed into the wall hard, hurting his back. The momentum was his, however, and at game point he spoiled Yambriek's kill with one of those things off the ceiling.

"That ought to do it," said one knowing observer. "These long, tough first games are usually decisive."

He was wrong. "With all due respect to Jimmy Jacobs," said Haber, "I have never, never been run harder by anyone in all my life." With the score in the second game 13-13, there followed 26 service breaks, and the amount of energy used to win each point would have kept the Powell Street cable car going for a year. For all that, Yambriek ran off five straight points, and Haber, down 13-18, wondered if it was time for a change.

No, he decided. "My plan is a good one and I'll live or die by it." Keeping the ball high and deep—he couldn't get low because of his back—he began forcing Yambriek into errors and on he came. At 18-20 he forced Yambriek to the wall for a dying swirl, tied the score with a long, low shot that plopped at the front wall and won with a serve that hooked wickedly. Yambriek got it back, but there the ball hung, in mid-court, and Haber pounced on it and the title that Jacobs, laughing no more, will have to win back.

END

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The slam that spoiled an expert's lunch

It usually takes years for a bridge tournament of less than world-championship importance to establish its stature, but The London Sunday Times International Pairs, with its invitational field limited to 14 or 15 of the best partnerships in the game, has become a prestige event since its founding only four years ago. This year's Times tournament, to which only one American was invited, Peter Pender of San Francisco, the top master-point winner of 1966, was won by Louis Tarlo and Claude Rodrigue of Britain, thanks in part to their success with the unusual hand shown here.

One reason I like this deal is that it shows once again the variety of things that can happen in the play of a big hand, even when the competitors are the very best.

*North-South vulnerable
South deals*

		NORTH	
WEST		EAST	
		SOUTH	
SOUTH (Slavenburg)	WEST (Tarlo)	NORTH (Rodrigue)	EAST (Pender)
1♥	PASS	1♠	PASS
2♠	PASS	4♠	PASS
4♠	PASS	4♥	PASS
6♠	PASS	DOUBLE	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Let me tell this story by eavesdropping on a luncheon conversation between Egmont von Dewitz, an esteemed player from Germany, and Herman Filarski, a Dutch writer and bridge expert who was covering the tournament. Von Dewitz was upset. While sitting South, he had played the contract at five clubs against an opening lead of the king of diamonds. He planned to make his 11 tricks with his two red aces and a complete crossruff of his nine trumps. All went well until the third round of spades, when West overruffed declarer with the club queen. Von Dewitz was able to score only eight of his nine trumps and went down one. "Did I really play it so badly?" he pleaded, seeking sympathy. Filarski took a calculated bite of lobster and deftly sidestepped the question by telling Von Dewitz what had happened when the tournament winners played the hand against the runners-up, Holland's Boh Slavenburg and Hans Kreyns, holders of the World Olympiad Pair title.

Having established the trump suit with his leap to four clubs, Kreyns dared to cue-bid his ace of hearts. Slavenburg, who never declines such invitations unless he has opened with a psychic, promptly bid the slam. Tarlo then decided to try a sacrifice, and the Dutch defenders doubled and won six tricks: heart ace, spade ruff, heart ruff, spade ruff and their two minor-suit aces. Tarlo mourned that —900 would be a bad score—which it was—but not as bad, Slavenburg reassured him, as letting the six-club contract be played. The way to make six, Slavenburg pointed out, is to establish dummy's spade suit by playing East for any two of the three missing spade honors.

Assuming the king of diamonds is led, South wins, leads a heart to the ace, plays the spade 10 and lets it ride if East does not cover. East should cover, however, and South ruffs. Next comes a trump to dummy's king. Declarer now leads the 9 of spades from dummy and ruffs out East's queen with his ace of clubs. A trump is led to dummy and, after East's last trump is drawn, a trick is conceded to the ace of spades. Slavenburg said he would do that because he is a generous fellow. Otherwise, instead of drawing a second round of trumps, he would enter dummy with a diamond ruff, ruff out East's last spade honor, reenter dummy with a second ruff to draw trumps and claim the high spades for a grand slam.

Von Dewitz said nothing when Filarski concluded his report. His lunch had been ruined. **END**



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Some day in the far, far distant future, U.S. swimmers will stop out-distancing themselves and allow the aquatic record book to regain some of the tranquility it once had. Sometime, perhaps, but not, apparently, any time soon.

Last week at Joe Perkins Natatorium, a refurbished gymnasium that sits on the north side of Dallas as part of the Southern Methodist campus, the Amateur Athletic Union put on its annual indoor short-course nationals a hare fortnight after the collegiate swimmers had set 12 American records in the NCAA get-together in East Lansing, Mich. While a few of the erstwhile campus heroes chose to rest on their laurels (read that as "backsides" in some big instances), enough of them did not, so that with the aid of a pair of 17-year-old high school upstarts, they gave the record book still another and, under the circumstances, quite surprising beating.

Pete Daland, the glib Southern California coach, neatly summed up the unusual situation when he said, "The story of this meet is a bunch of tired collegians who reached their peak two weeks ago against a bunch of high-schoolers, some of whom are scared, but all of whom are ready and eager."

For most of the collegians, this was their third major meet in five weeks, counting conference or regional and NCAA competition. Many of them were losing interest in swimming, even though the meet was serving as the only tryout for places on the U.S. Pan Am team. SMU's annual spring fraternity-sorority tea party, known as Med-Nada Mad-

The times came for two teens

Showing respect for neither records nor their elders, 17-year-olds Mark Spitz and Fred Haywood splashed to the top of the U.S. swim ranks

ness, was in full swing, prompting this Friday afternoon dialogue between two swimmers from a Big Ten school:

"What the hell are you doing?"

"I'm trying to pick up a date for Saturday night."

"You've got a swimming meet to worry about before Saturday night."

"I know, I know."

"You're a fool."

No doubt he was, particularly in light of the competition he faced. There were, for instance, those two 17-year-olds from Santa Clara (Calif.) High School. Here are the proving waters, as even non-swimming types are becoming aware, of the world's most successful swimming coach, George Haines. One of the originators of age group swimming 15 years ago, Haines coaches the Santa Clara Swim Club, too, and it is sometimes difficult to tell the difference between his school and his club swimmers.

The first of the pair is Fred Haywood, a senior backstroker, who until last year had spent his summers surfing off the coast of Kahului, a little town on the Hawaiian island of Maui. For three years Haywood attended Hawaii Prep

Academy, which did not even have a swimming pool until Coach Gerry Damon and a school math teacher built an eight-lane frame and floated it out into the middle of the Pacific Ocean, where academy swimmers practiced among the sharks and jellyfish. "It was a bit unnerving," said Haywood.

Damon quickly recognized that Haywood had more potential in the backstroke than in the freestyle and put in a call to Haines, who promptly invited Haywood to Santa Clara. The wheeling and dealing all ended with a victory at Dallas in the 100-yard backstroke. Haywood's first national title of any consequence. He beat Charles Hickcox of Indiana, the NCAA champion, and while he set no record for the event he did exhibit an enviable canniness.

"I knew I was an upstart, an outsider, a nobody," he said, "and I knew they would try to take me out [yet a fast pace] and hope I couldn't bring it in. So I never looked at Hickcox or anybody else. I just went as fast as I felt I should." It was fast enough by an easy and a comfortable half length.

Haywood did show he was fallible. In

continued



BUTTERFLYER MARK SPITZ (FOREGROUND) CHURNS A FOAMY PATH THROUGH FIRST LAP ON WAY TO AMERICAN RECORD IN THE 100

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SWIMMING *continued*

the 200-yard backstroke preliminaries he was leading his heat going into the sixth turn when, as he put it, "I made the turn but there wasn't any wall there." The error cost him two seconds and a place in the finals.

Mark Spitz made no mistakes in either the 200- or 100-yard butterfly. Like Haywood, Spitz is not a native Santa Clara. He does, however, come from Sacramento, which is a good deal closer to Santa Clara than Kahului. His parents (as have the parents of many good swimmers) moved to "Hainesville" in 1964, where George promptly changed Spitz from a promising distance freestyler to an even more promising butterflyer. Haines said, "I looked around and saw where we—the U.S., not Santa Clara (and how many coaches can talk like that?)—needed help for the 1968 Olympics and figured the fly would be our weakest spot." So Mark Spitz became a butterflyer, and last Friday and Saturday the high school junior, who has already made swimming trips to Israel, Brazil, Mexico and Germany, set American records in both the 200- and 100-yard events.

He swam the 200 in 1:50.6, breaking Fred Schmidt's two-year-old record by .8 second and beating NCAA Champion Carl Robie of Michigan by more than a second. He surpassed that performance a day later in the 100, when he swam an astonishing 49.9 to beat Princeton's Ross Wales, the—ho hum—NCAA champion at that distance, in a marvelous come-from-behind victory that seemed to confirm what both Spitz and Wales believe: Spitz has Wales totally and completely psyched.

"He always does that," said Wales, who swam a not-bad 50 flat himself, 2 under the old record, of which he was a coholder. It was Spitz's third straight win over Wales.

Spitz is 5'11" when he stands straight, which is seldom. He has a weirdly supple body that allows him almost unreal looseness before an event. As Spitz had planned, Wales led the first three lengths of the 100 but, as he had not planned, Wales led by two much—two feet, a lot in the tiny allowances of championship swimming—after the third turn. "I wanted him to set the pace," Spitz said, "but not by that much." Spitz got to work and finally passed Wales 10 yards from the finish.

Three weeks earlier he had told Hay-

wood that he planned to break 50 seconds, but had he really expected to go that fast? Well, no, Spitz said. But "if you swim to win in a race that short the time comes." It did, and another seemingly impenetrable barrier was shattered.

While many collegians could not duplicate their NCAA performances, at least two freestylers, Don Schollander of Yale and UCLA's Mike Burton, exceeded them. For Schollander, it was easy. Recovering from the flu, he had won nothing in East Lansing. In Dallas he showed what it meant to be well. First, he anchored Yale's winning 400-yard free-style relay team in a good but nonrecord effort. Next he won the 200-yard free-style from Stanford's (and Santa Clara's) Greg Buckingham, who last week found himself in the throes of an ailment as debilitating as flu—food poisoning. Schollander's Dallas victory reversed his and Buckingham's finishes at Michigan State. It also restored Schollander's American record.

Schollander saved his best effort for the last event on the three-day program when he anchored the Elis' winning 800-yard freestyle relay team with a 1:19.5 leg. Thus, allowing a maximum of one second for the flying start, was still .7 second under Schollander's day-old American mark for 200 yards.

In the chlorinated eyes of many, however, the outstanding individual performance of the week was turned in by Burton. Swimming practically by himself after the first 300 yards, the UCLA sophomore won the 1,650-yard freestyle swimming's equivalent of the mile run in 16:08. That was 9.5 seconds better than his winning time in the NCAA's, and that, in turn, had been 9.8 seconds ahead of his standing American record, set in the AAU short-course competition last year.

"Talk about Jim Ryan winning the Sullivan Award," said one coach even before Burton got to Dallas. "Look at what this guy's done."

Yet the performances by Spitz and Haywood were easily the most significant events on the hot Texas weekend. They prompted Indiana's Jim Counsellman to say, "I don't see how anybody will beat the U.S. in international swimming ever."

Not at least as long as there are youngsters like Spitz and Haywood who don't know enough to respect their elders—or the record book.

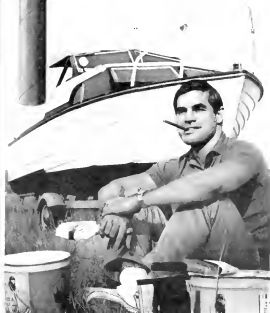
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There were some new fashions set in the Caribbean this year as a fleet of experimental blue-water craft vetoed most of the old rules of thumb

Fresh hand for Montego Bay

Once invidiously called the Grapefruit Circuit, the series of late-winter races collectively known as the SORC (for Southern Ocean Racing Circuit) has developed into an important testing ground for the new ideas of the entire racing season. Its six events offer tight competition in every condition of sea and weather over a thousand miles of racing. And when the SORC ends, likely leaders in the next Bermuda and Transatlantic all have been determined—for the time being, at least—and many still newer and hotter boats have been commissioned for future seasons.

This winter's SORC was the closest ever and was marked by the presence of a whole fleet of new, experimental boats built like gunt surfboards, with wide beams and sharp, short keels designed to slide down the wind and the waves.

Red Jacket, a new 40-footer owned by the Royal Canadian Yacht Club's Perry Connelly, won the opener, the 105-mile St. Petersburg-to-Venice Race. Light, very fast and spectacular downwind, *Red Jacket* found conditions exactly to her taste, and she crossed the line second, well ahead of many boats twice her waterline length.

The next race, St. Petersburg to Fort Lauderdale, was not designed for light-air boats. There was a moderate breeze at the start, but it freshened as the fleet rounded the tip of Florida and started back up the coast. The last 100 miles of the race were dead to weather and in a freeing gale.

Chubasco, the 67-foot sloop once sailed by Humphrey Bogart and now by Arnold Haskell of Newport Beach, Calif., finished first on sheer size and power. Remarkably, however, *Red Jacket* was second. She had reached out into the Gulf Stream in some four hours of downwind sailing and, with the Stream under her and the wind screaming, carrying a spinnaker on planing runs, she got as high as 12 knots over the bottom.

The Lucaya Race allows the finishers to visit that fabulous port on Grand Bahama. Points in it may be substituted for points in the Venice race, and William Smith's *Figaro IV* (St. July 11, 1966) was able to exchange a 17th place for a ninth to raise her overall score, but top place was won by another experimental craft, *Cree II*, a Columbia 40, racing with her centerboard slot fiber-glassed over.

I had a berth aboard George Moffett Jr.'s 49-foot aluminum sloop *Guinevere*, which, like Thor Ramming's *Solaris*, is a kind of compromise between the old and the new. Being aluminum, she is light enough to take off downwind, but she still has enough lateral resistance underneath to ensure performance to weather. But even *Guinevere* had no built-in device—beyond the crew's alertness—to prevent her going aground, and that, after a disappointing ride, is exactly what we did, right in sight of the finish line. We spent the night grinding gently on a coral head and listening to the fun ashore.

Back to Miami went the fleet for the Lipton Cup Race, an all-day affair around the buoys off Government Cut. It proved to be another field day for *Red Jacket*, with the Cal 40 *Old Sol* in her wake.

With only two races left—the Miami-Nassau and the Nassau Cup—*Red Jacket* was ahead in the point scores, with four boats close behind: Henry Burkard's *Oriskany*, Roland Becker and George Dewar's *Stampede*, Bill Smith's *Figaro*, and *Vanguard*, the new 40-footer owned by last year's SORC champion, Ted Turner.

The Miami-Nassau was the race to

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win. Like the Lauderdale, it offers more points than the other races. A close-winded affair, it presents no advantage to a tight boat's ability to surf downwind and many temptations to the daring tactician. Disregarding this, the light leaders—*Olivekita*, *Red Jacket*, and *Vamoose*, which Turner built specifically to beat the time of his speedy Cal 40, *Fump X*—concentrated entirely on one another and paid little attention to more conservative boats like *Soloway* and our *Gumete*. It cost them dearly, as we short-tacked along the Berry Islands in a rising breeze that shifted in the black middle of the night right into their noses.

The shift lasted just long enough (three hours) to give *Soloway* a win, with *Gumete* 13½ minutes behind on corrected time. By finishing just close enough to *Fump* to cut her point lead in the last race, the Nassau, we squeaked through to the championship by exactly half a point, 12,000 of the maximum possible score.

With the SORC settled once again, many of the contenders hosted their working sails and headed back home to ponder plans for another, perhaps more rewarding, season. The rest of us braced for what I firmly believe is the greatest round-the-buoys race in the world: the biennial 800-mile Miami-to-Montego Bay.

Since the first Montego race in 1961 it has been won by *Expedite*, by *Trimdrift* and by an earlier Moffet-owned *Gumete*. This year, though no part of the SORC, it was a sort of postgraduate course for the new boats that had hoped to gain their degrees in the earlier races. Its 17 entries included two Cal 40s (*Olivekita* and *Old Salt*), the Columbia 40 *Cree H*, the unspun *Red Jacket*, *Vamoose*, *Gumete*, *Trimdrift*, *Ovalon*, *Cashmore* and *Soloway*.

To get an idea of its course, show your right hand out, palm down, with index finger pointing left (see map page 100). Your thumb is Jamaica, and Montego Bay is just off the whorls of the thumbprint. Your index finger is Cuba, and from your index knuckle to Montego is 214 miles. Miami is off the tip of your ring finger, 200 miles to the right of it is Eleuthera, as thin as a fingernail paring on the top of your pinky. From there to Cuba is 400 miles along the Bahamas. A current from Cuba to Eleuthera flows against you, so in breasting it you actually have to sail through about a

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BOB HOPE	51	81
PHOENIX OPEN	34	29
TUCSON OPEN	48	79
GORAL OPEN	44	30
FLORIDA CITRUS OPEN	42	36
JACKSONVILLE OPEN	44	37
PENSACOLA OPEN	45	75
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ROATING continued

thousand miles, depending on the winds.

It was blowing a solid 25-knot north-easter off Miami when the fleet got away. In a wild turmoil at the windward end of the line *Ticonderoga*, *Ondine*, *Solutia*, *Chobasco* and *Guinevere* were separated from each other by about 10 feet of heaving, cresting water. Over the line, they tacked and were off across the Gulf Stream, wet, banging along, shaking rigs, stomachs and lockers. Little *Vamoose* went to weather with great authority. As night abruptly came down, *Chobasco* and *Ondine* were ahead. The Cal 48s, the Cal 40s, *Red Jacket* and *Vamoose* were astern. *Guinevere* and *Solutia* were having their usual private race in the middle.

Noon, 24 hours after the start, found 12 boats spread out over 12 miles, in sight of each other and of Great Stirrup Cay. For the next 24 hours the wind lightened, and another noon found the same group bunched a little tighter, 140 miles along the course. The following noon found the same leaders only 50 miles farther on.

Then the trades began to come on. All the boats reached under chutes, *Ticonderoga* pouring majestically by the fleet as her great running hull, with its long waterline, was set free. By Saturday noon the leaders had rounded Cuba's Point Maisi, and it was straight downhill to Montego, with the wind rising. *Bay Ti* walked away from the fleet, as did *Ondine*. But little *Vamoose* absolutely flew, past *Red Jacket*, past *Solutia*, past *Oseketta* and past us. She was picking up on the face of large and rather confused seas, surging down the waves faster than the wind that blew her. At the bottom of a surge, her huge spinnaker and mainsail would go flat as the wind backed into them, then suddenly pop out full of air again. *Vamoose* averaged almost 12 knots through the night and finished about noon, to set a new corrected-time record of four days, 22 hours, 33 minutes, 47 seconds.

On *Guinevere* we were having a little trouble. We'd started the sleigh ride on the lightest chute and wanted to change to a heavier one as the wind grew. But *Oseketta* was half a mile astern of us and gaining about 50 yards an hour. The five minutes it would take to change spinnakers would give her back an advantage it took us four hours to gain, so we decided against a change. But as the seas threw us around to dump the

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BOATING *continued*

wind out of the chute a few times, we changed our minds again. The tremendous force of the spinnaker's refilling seemed enough to yank the whole mast out of the boat, and we went about getting the big bag down. When we finally succeeded, *Oryzeta* was only 300 yards astern and coming on fast. We set a medium chute, and an hour later, with the wind rising and the seas crossing astern, the chute went flat again on a couple of wild swings. The third time the big spinnaker popped full the halyard splice pulled out and the bag was flying straight ahead over the water, flapping, as the halyard rattled in coils down the mast.

Oryzeta came slowly by. Surfing down every fourth wave, she gained a little more on the planes than she lost wallowing in the seas between, and when we jibed for a better course at sunset she was 70 yards ahead. By noon she was disappearing into Montego Bay. *Solution* and *Gawwete* thereupon put on the best show of the day. Both of us jibed for the finish line, but it was gusting to 40 knots and the seas were big. *Solution* let go her spinnaker pole and went out of control for about three minutes. We completed the jibe but got swept up to a reach before we could let out our sheets. The resulting compression folded a spinnaker pole that was designed to stand up under a two-ton thrust. People watching from a hotel ashore remarked (we learned later) that "the blue boat almost tipped over."

When the scores were tallied the new-style boats, *Famouse*, *Oryzeta* and *Red Jacket*, had taken the first three places. *Gawwete* and *Solution*, superbly refined traditional keel and keel-center-board hulls, took the next two places, and the following three went to *Cree H* and the Cal 48s. *Ondine*, winner of two Transatlantics, was ninth, and *Ticonderoga*, a previous winner, was out of it.

The message was clear, and already Huey Long (*Ondine*) and Bob Johnson (*Ticonderoga*) have commissioned giant surfboards for the next season—73-footers with fin keels and shoal hulls. But the results also proved that, as always, a great crew makes more of a difference than a good boat. There were fin-keelers that didn't show, and only the best-sailed of the fancy new development boats made it. Even a Cal 40, it seems, needs sailmen.

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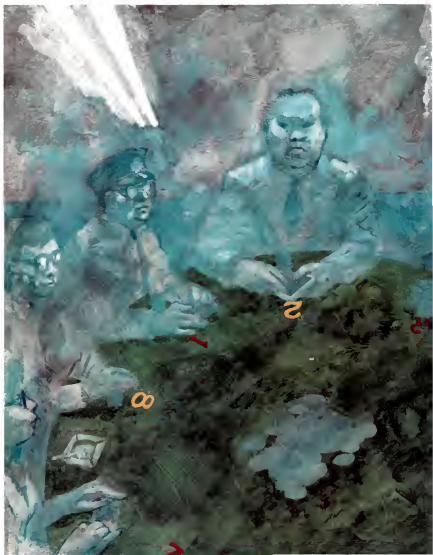
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Lowball in a Time Capsule

Poker addicts who crowd the six clubs in Gardena, Calif. play in a world of their own, isolated from outside life and its problems. But there are problems inside, too—just getting a chair at a table is one, squeezing out the fifth spoke of a wheel is another. Trying to outlast tough, tight lady players like Sitting Bull may be the worst of all

by Dick Miller

CONTINUED

Sitting Bull played tight poker. For 20 years that sedentary locksmith scalped and pillaged the three-and-six draw games in Gardena, Calif. Legend maintains that when Sitting Bull opened under the gun brave men with gambling blood in their veins tossed cold trips into the garbage, or, if the game was lowball, they folded rough sevens like pairs. I first heard of Sitting Bull in the late '40s when a Hollywood stunt man who fell off horses to pay for his poker infiltrated our regular Friday-night game in New York. He was a loose, action-loving, jovial, "must-call" pigeon who bet into one-card draws and showered chips on the pots with the enthusiasm of a best man tossing rice, but his disposition worsened with every stack until by check-writing time he was castigating us as lack artists and Sitting Bull's East Coast tribesmen. No possible run of cards could have staunched the ebb tide of his chips, and one night, alas, he tapped out permanently. But his stories of Sitting Bull's tightness were so memorable that on a recent trip to California I stopped off in Gardena, the nation's poker capital, in the hope of tracking down the legend of that patient card master.

My quest began at the Gardena Club. There, an affable 65-year-old poker player named Tex Tunnell expansively reminisced:

"Sitting Bull? Sure, I remember Sitting Bull. She was a rock! Tight as a coffin lid. Her real name was Sarah, I think. Can't be sure, though, 'cause like everyone else here she went by initials only. But once in a while she'd call herself Sarah. 'Sarah raises,' she'd say, or, 'Sarah's got a flush.' But Sitting Bull wasn't the lady to give out free information, so she may have been bluffing even about her name. She was a wisp of a thing. I put her at 105 pounds, tops. She was maybe 70 years old. A smart coyote's face she had, with cinnamon hair and a red ball of rouge on each cheek with lipstick to match. And she'd swab an inch of powder on her face so that the cards were always gettin' pink. She wore a green felt hat with a crimson feather, and she carried her own rubber cushion. She sure could sit on that thing. It's the women here, you know, that are the tightest. They're just thriver, I guess. Some of these old female rocks can sit for hours and do nothing but ante. Now, take Sitting Bull. Tight? She squeaked. Why, it hurt her to ante. But a shrewd old fox, too. I still remember the time Nick the Greek tried to mix it with her. Sure I do. I happened to be the dealer and halfway responsible for what took place. What a play! It was jacks or better, you see, and. . ."

The restive, addicted spirits who haunt California's legalized poker parlors owe their sanctuaries to a careless 19th-century reformer. Enacted in 1872, the section of the California penal code that prohibits gaming says that "every person who deals, plays . . . any game of faro, monte, roulette, lansquenet, rouge et noir, rondo, tan, fan-tan, stud-horse poker, seven and a half, 21, hokey-poke . . . is

guilty of a misdemeanor. . . ." Draw poker, divinely spared from that list (some claim the oversight was intentional), was thus winkingly reasoned to be a game of skill rather than chance. Today several hundred public poker rooms litter the state, despite a number of attempts by image-conscious communities to dispose of them. Most are three- or four-table, small-stake, dreary honky-tonk dens in the back rooms of taverns, which are about as similar to the early West's traditional swinging-door poker saloons as the pretzel bowl on the bar is to the free-lunch counter. But in Gardena, 15 miles south of downtown Los Angeles, a benign city of 44,000 whose modest homes are daubed with Oriental tranquility by the landscaping talents of a large Nisei population, poker is the major industry. There, six frenetic 35-table clubs, the largest and most extravagant in California, offer asylum to pious bands of poker pilgrims who regularly commute from Burbank or Hollywood or Long Beach or, occasionally, from Iowa or Texas.

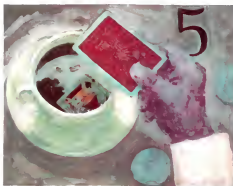
In Gardena, unlike the old West, a rancher cannot toss into a pot a marker for his herd of Longhorns, for the city sets a ceiling on the stakes, and \$20 limit is the steepest game. But this is hardly an imposition, for the typical



Gardena veterans, those 50- to 70-year-old pensioners, play for considerably smaller stakes, and their gambling blood is cold and sluggishly congealed. Indeed, gambling seems only a partial motive for their play. What matters as much to these veterans, apparently, is the sense of belonging, the respect that even a friendless dullard commands by saying, "I raise," and the opportunity the clubs afford them to shuffle through later life with their coevals, however competitive or hostile that mingling may be. The Gardena poker tables, for these habitués, are the counterparts of the shuffleboard courts in St. Petersburg, Fla. or the brokerage offices where threadbare 20-share partners in General Motors study the tape and argue the trend of the highfliers. Five days a week, from 9 to 5 a.m. to 5 a.m.—and on Sundays from one p.m. to 5 a.m., the Gardena clubs shelter their clientele. One day a week the clubs close, but they mercifully stagger that day among them, lest withdrawal tortures beset their poker-hooked patrons. Only the addition of beds and liquor is needed to make the clubs completely viable. As it is, they provide TV lounges (color), electric shavers for all-night players with moaning jobs and restaurants that offer cheese blintzes, filet mignons and mimeographed news bulletins apprising the shut-ins of such trivia as World Series results, presidential elections and peace feelers from Hanoi.

The Gardena Club is one of the busiest poker parlors in town, imposingly situated on a main thoroughfare. It is a long, one-story, modern structure with two front doors, one at the back serving the parking lot and the other on Western Avenue serving that California anomaly, the pedestrian. Contrasted with the Miami-rovoo gaming shrines that vex the eye in Las Vegas, the Gardena Club's exterior, particularly in daylight, is discreet, almost placid. At night, minus the sun's competition, the club's beacon for the poker-thirsting—a 40-foot tower of multicolored bulbs that blink themselves into a cloverleaf—agitates the surrounding atmosphere, but not even that suggests the frenzy within.

The center of action is the club's cardroom, 60 by 120 feet, approximately. A hip-high barrier running along its length on one side corrals the players and, on the other, forms an aisle through which flows the club's incessant traffic. Leaning upon the aluminum rail that tops the barrier, clusters of two or three kibitzers, or "railbirds," negligently watch the progress of the small-stake games that skirt the rim (the higher-stake games are toward the center of the room) while they perform endless postmortems on yesterday's crucial hands. "It would have played pat and come out betting," advises one railbird. "Sure, sure, you would have," retorts the other. "Is that why they call you Chicken Charley?" Behind them, in the aisle, parade the incoming hopefuls, the departing losers and the club's nongambling restaurant trade. Midway along the aisle, on a low



platform, two club employees, boardmen, in blue monogrammed blazers, inscribe on one of two blackboards the initials of patrons awaiting seats and the particular games they wish. Several more blue-jacketed employees, floormen, vigilantly patrol the playing area. They are the supreme arbiters of disputed pots and can recite on request the 40 house rules listed in the club's brochure. Keen-eyed, agile men, the floormen can spot a spinster dealing seconds or catch in midair a deck hurled by a temperamental loser. The floorman's main task, however, is to see that the tables are filled. When a seat becomes vacant he scans the blackboard and calls out stridently, "H.R. to one-and-two draw," or "D.M., your three-and-six lowball seat is ready," whereupon a sheep or wolf enters the fold. Meanwhile, weaving among the tables, the chip girls, slightly sway-backed under the seven pounds of chips in their apron pouches, deliver sustenance—food or stacks—to the needy.

Ordinarily, a well-bred man entering a room where a poker game is in progress, even if he has come to play, is deferential to the ritual at hand. He feels uneasy, vaguely intrusive, like a latecomer finding his seat at a concert by the Budapest String Quartet. Only a boor will say hello to a man queezing cards. But entering the Gardena Club I felt no such timidity. So intent were the players, so fixed was the action, that it was immediately clear I could come or go or dance a hornpipe on the ceiling without disturbing the play. The club's 35 tables were filled, eight players at a table, 280 souls at poker—a third of them apparently female—and it was 11 o'clock on a sunny Thursday morning. Now, marathon poker is a splendid game and I've played my share of it—60-hour sessions that dwindled down to three bearded losers haggling over cigarette butts. Once I lost 10 blue chips to a player who bet me that the pale light

continued



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we happened to notice filtering through the curtains was dusk, not dawn. But as I leaned on the clubhouse railing that Thursday morning and looked for the first time at the Gardena players the notion struck me that the inhabitants of this room had been shuffling, cutting and squeezing their cards not for 60 hours, or even for 60 years, but forever—as though in some prehistoric age they had been quick-frozen and tucked into a time capsule until, thawed by the California sun, they resumed their play heedless of the interruption. The isolating effect of sound suppressed by carpeting and ice-blue fluorescent light bleaching the faces enhanced this illusion of timelessness. Presently, however, the real world interposed, and I turned to the man alongside me, the aforementioned poker raconteur, Tex Tunnell.

"What are the stakes like?" I asked.

"Try the top sillon," he said dryly.

"Out there, I mean," and I gestured toward the players.

Tunnell studied me as though trying to figure out if I were running a bluff. Deciding that I was an honest greenhorn, he smiled charitably and expatiated on the games:

"They start at 50¢ and \$1 and go up to \$20 straight, before and after the

draw. It's all draw poker, of course, high or low. Stud's illegal in California. And the house doesn't chop the pots the way they do in Reno or Vegas. They simply charge by the hour for your seat, and your fee varies with the stakes. Now, take the three-and-six lowball game. That game costs you \$1.25 every half hour—in advance. The chip girls collect it when the light on the wall clock turns red. Seems small, doesn't it—\$2.50 an hour? You play poker? Good. Then you'll understand. Now, your buy-in for the three-and-six game—that's your minimum stack to sit down—is \$20. Well, suppose luck breaks evenly for the eight players and nobody buys in twice. After eight hours who's got the chips? The house—every ship on the table! It's possible to win, but it's tough voodoo. The draw games are jacks or better, and you can check and raise. There's no check-raise in low, and in that game it's pass out—you either open when it's your turn to act before the draw, or you throw your hand away. After the draw, in low, you must bet a 7 or better or else you lose your claim to what's bet after the draw, meaning, of course, that if you're holding a 7 and everyone checks to you after the draw you've got a lock hand. Best hand in low is A 2 3 4 5. In high, it's

continued

A Primer of Poker Parlance

TRIPS. Three of a kind.

TAP OUT. In table-stakes poker, a single bet, or call, that risks all one's chips.

ROUGH. In lowball, a hand in which the highest cards descend consecutively. Thus, a rough seven, 7 6 5 3 A, loses to a smooth seven, 7 4 3 2 A.

COLD. Indicates a strong hand that was dealt, rather than one that improved with the draw.

LOCK ARTIST or LOCKSMITH. A player who bets only when he holds a sure winner.

ROCK. A tight player to be feared. One who only enters a pot holding strong cards. Contrasted with a

FISH or LIVE ONE. A player to be welcomed. He plays on almost anything and hopes to improve with the draw.

MECHANIC. A crooked dealer.

WHEEL. The best hand in the lowball, e.g., A 2 3 4 5.

SQUEEZING. The act of looking at one's hand by spreading the cards into a fan, a macromillimeter at a time.

GARBAGE. The pile of discards.

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five aces, 'cause all games are played with a bug—a joker—added to the deck."

It seemed I had asked the right man. Pursuing it, I mentioned Sitting Bull. I confess that when he reached the tale of her tiff with Nick the Greek I braced for a thud. Recollections of poker hands are usually disconcerting, but a New Yorker talking to anyone named Tex is constrained by civic obligation to politely immobilize his ears. So I let him tell it.

"Yes, it was jacks or better, and I was the dealer. It was just a \$2 and \$4 game, so it was funny to see Nick the Greek in there at all. Nick Dandeloo, King of the High Rollers, they called him. They said he'd won and lost half a billion dollars in his lifetime. Even so, Nick played in Gardena often, 'specially when he was short on money trying to raise a stake that wouldn't embarrass him at Vegas. Usually Nick played \$20 limit, but on this particular day that game was full, so he sat in the \$2 game to amuse himself while waiting for a seat. But you gotta remember that Nick was a case-hardened gambler. To him it didn't matter if he was playing no limit or penny ante. He still liked to make the right percentage play. It was a matter of pride.

"Well, anyway, I'm dealing, and Sitting Bull's to my left, and she opens, right under the gun. Well, the next three men knew Sitting Bull. They folded together like they'd been rehearsing a vaudeville act. But Nick had never seen Sitting Bull sit. Still, when she opened he looked at her kind of funny like, Hell, Nick had been playing an hour and he hadn't seen her play a hand. Just sat there like a skinny sphinx built on a chair. So when she opened Nick must've thought a new player had sat down. Anyway, Nick raised, and the rest of the table, including me, folded. So now it's up to Sitting Bull.

"Two, please," she says as she plucks two cards out of her hand and acts like she's about to toss them into the discard.

"Hold it!" I yelled, grabbing her wrist like a cop. "There's been a raise. You've got to call," I tell her.

"Well, Sitting Bull looked kinda sad

to hear that news, but she tucked those two cards back in her hand, almost reluctantly, you know, and she seemed mighty confused.

"'Raise!' she asked. 'Who raised? Who raised Sarah? Him? Nick the Greek raised Sarah? In that case, Sarah raises Nick the Greek.'

"Well, as we were soon to see, Nick was holding three aces. Heck, you play poker. What would you have done? Naturally! She's drawing two, and he's got three bullets. He knows he's got the best hand going in. He raised her, of course. But damned if she didn't bump him again. We were stunned. Sitting Bull raising twice with trips? Before the draw? Well, Nick must've smelled something, so he just called. And now I slide off the two top cards and I'm ready to pass them to Sarah, except that I'm waiting for her to discard.

"'No, wait, wait a minute,' she says almost apologetically. 'Now that I think it over, I changed my mind. Maybe Sarah will just play these.'

"Well, I gotta admit, Nick acted like a gentleman. If anybody'd coffeehouse'd me like that, 'specially a 70-year-old biddy, I'd have felt pretty foolish. But when Sitting Bull bet into him after the draw, Nick just stood up, tossed his three aces face up on the cloth and said, 'Madam, whoever you are, congratulations. Take the pot. That was a fine play fakin' a two-card draw while holding a pat full house. I may use it sometime.'

"'Who had a pat full house?' protested Sarah innocently as she raked in the chips. 'I'm a loose, bluffing player who likes action. All I had was openers. Here. See for yourself.'

"And she flipped over two jacks. But she very carefully buried her other three cards in the garbage, and you didn't have to have X-ray eyes to know they were trips. Like I said, Sitting Bull was a shrewd fox.

"Poor Nick died a few months ago, you know. Newspapers said it was his tucker. Personally, though, I figure he mighta lived a bit longer if he'd never sat in that game with Sarah."

"I'd like to meet that lady," I said. "Does she still play here?"

"Haven't seen Sitting Bull in more

than a year," Tex said. "But she was no youngster. You know, when some of these old rocks stop coming around the guys make book on whether they've tapped out forever. But Sarah was too tight to die, I reckon. She probably just retired."

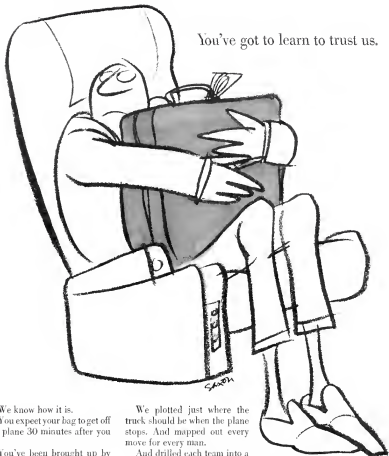
During the next few days I spent a good part of the time railbirding at the Gardena Club, and in doing so I came to know a little about Tunnell and professional gamblers. Tex lives in Costa Mesa and, like most Californians, he travels the freeways. Five days a week, in an undisputed '64 Oldsmobile, he joins the peak-hour traffic on the San Diego Freeway to drive north from his home to his job 18 miles away in Gardena.

"I'm a prop here," he told me when I asked if he played regularly at the Gardena Club. "A proposition player, that is." Then, reading me correctly for one small pane's worth of comprehension, he elaborated. "Well, you see, I work for the club. They pay me to play poker with the customers. But you couldn't correctly call me a house player. Whenever a table gets short—five players or less—I go and fill in until the floorman puts a customer in my place. The customer has priority, and when the table fills up I can't even play if I want to. I do most of my playing in the morning as the club's filling up. The props—there are seven of us on the day shift—start a lot of games, and as they begin to fill up we get out. Along about 9:30 there might be three props in a \$50 game with three early-bird buddies, two more props in a \$3 game and a couple more in the \$10 lowball game.

"Now, you gotta understand that we're not house players. A prop gambles with his own money. I pay my own losses and I keep my winnings, just like anyone else gambling here. Only difference between a prop and a customer is that a prop is on salary and he has to play in the game the floorman sends him to. Technically, I'm a big prop. I have to play any stake game. Now, the small props, they don't have to play any higher than the \$3 and \$6 games, but, of course, they get a smaller salary. As a big prop I get \$212.50

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a week. Now, that's not too bad. With halfway reasonable cards I can do all right. "Course, now, if I have a real bad second-best day I might just go and blow a whole week's salary, maybe more. On the other hand, with a good rush or two I do fine. Only real trouble with a prop's job is that I get to play mostly scraggly games. Now, say I'm playing in the morning in a \$5 game with two other props and three seasoned customers. Now, you understand that the props play against each other just as hard, maybe harder, than they do against anyone else. So that makes it a tough game. But when the club starts filling up, well, maybe two real live ones join our game. So, seem' this extra gravy, some of the vultures on the rail tell the floorman they want in, so just when the game is gettin' to my liking I gotta get up and leave. So I pick up my stack and maybe get sent to another tough game. And that's the way it goes."

Tex Tunnell has a brisk, sporty look that matches his manner. He is 65, and his 5'9" 180-pound physique might make a struttin' of a lad 30 years younger. His poker uniform is unmarked by green eyeshade or dealer's vest, rather, like an optimistic canvasser, he wears conservative leather shoes, casual but crisply pressed slacks, a white shirt with a thin dark necktie whose tight knot is punctuated by a collar clip and a snug, dark cotton sports jacket.

"You've got to be sharp to be a prop. Los of 'em go bust because they never get any sweet action. Another tough thing about proping is that you've got to be able to sit down cold in any game and size up the whole table—who's winning, who's losing, who's tight and who's apt to run a bluff. Heck, sometimes I play in 20 or 30 different games a day, five or 10 minutes at a time. I'm a table-hopper. But with 50 years of poker behind me and my salary in front, I manage. Why, the salary alone is \$11,000. Now, you just try and pick up that much a year in the Gardena clubs and you'll see how hard it is. All in all, you see, it's a job. Just like any other job. They take withholding tax and social security out

of my check, and I get two weeks' paid vacation. I been doing it nine years. And that's it. I'm a prop."

A pat hand, like a Smith & Wesson, is a fine equalizer. With three bullets and a couple of fours a Milquetoast can get frisky with the Cincinnati Kid. A duchess on a flush can tap out a mechanic. And so, because the cards don't know who's holding them and a powerhouse may fall blindly from the deck at any moment, poker breeds strange tablemates. One afternoon at the Gardena Club I studied an unlikely circle of players in a one-and-two lowball game near the rail. Tex Tunnell identified the players by referring to the numbers one through eight imprinted in front of them on the green cloth. Seat 1 held a postman, in full uniform, who regularly plays for a few hours in the afternoon. He is the constant butt of jokes that pivot on why the mail is late. In Seat 2, dealing the cards, was a rotund Chinese gentleman with a circular face as bland as steamed rice. With typically perverse affection the local wits have dubbed him Fu Manchua, a moniker he humbly answers to. Fu Manchua usually loses, and when he leaves the table, should someone in the aisle ask, "How'd you do, Fu?" he will shrug philosophically and respond, "I didn't have a Chinaman's chance."

A wheelchair case now sat next to Fu. A frail, geriatric thing approaching extinguishment, she had been rolled up to the table by a nurse, and her presence immediately muted the sardonic taunts usually exchanged by the regulars. She made faltering strong bets, consistently acted out of turn, and since her wheelchair kept her at an inconvenient distance from the table when she won a pot she appealed to the loser for help gathering it in. Nonetheless, the players bore their exasperation silently, lest some re-huke dispatch that feeble thing right at the table. Had that, in fact, occurred, the game would have lived on again. Only a month before my visit a man expired at a table while squeezing out the last spoke of a wheel, and as he slumped to the cloth Harry the Hawk called to the boardman, "Hey, Pete, send in a live one, will you?"

Next to the invalid sat a well-dressed

continued

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CINZANO
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woman of middle age who had vainly come West to cure her emphysema. Because she invariably covers her mouth with her cards when a spasm of coughing seizes her she is known as Typhoid Mary. Rounding out the circle were Dandruff Dan, Barracuda Joe, a female listed on the board as E. C. and Fred Nakamura, a local Nisei horticulturist who delights in shocking new or transient players by chortling as he scoops in a big pot. "What a great game! I haven't had this much fun since Pearl Harbor!"

"An optimist," said archy the cockroach, "is a guy that has never had much experience." However varied an assortment they may be, the Gardena regulars hold one attitude in common. With 10,000 busted flushes behind them they are incorrigible pessimists. Regardless of the strength of the cards in their hands, they can always visualize a stronger hand lurking across the table. They may, with five other players in the pot, draw to a four flush, but rarely will they raise on the come, for although they know intellectually that the odds are only $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 against filling, their hopeless hearts make it an out bet to bust. They are the veterans, the rocks. Contrasted with them are the "live ones," the "fish"—relaxed professional men or jolly businessmen or minor "showbiz folk" from Hollywood who, in the evenings, particularly on weekends, come down for a sporty night of poker. Corpulent, perennial optimists, the fish sweeten the pots for the rocks by drawing to small pairs in high and drawing two or three cards in lowball.

One Los Angeles couple, a merry physician and his wife—sweet, succulent fish whom I shall call Porgie and Bass to mask their identities—arrive at the Gardena Club every Friday night in a chauffeured limousine. Porgie plays \$1 high, Bass plays \$2 lowball and their chauffeur plays high or low, but never less than \$10 limit. Fish and chips don't stay together in Gardena. But, curiously, though the fish provide nourishment for the rocks and often parole them for the thrall of work, they are gobbled up at the table without particular gusto. This is because the Gardena poker addict, in his fraternity of enemies, savors the merciless

continued

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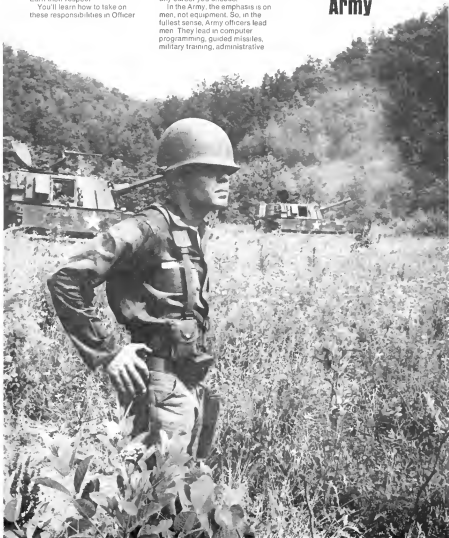
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competition as much as he savors the chips of the live ones. The female rocks, particularly, some of whom express the sentiment that women—other women—should be barred from the tables, achieve their most ecstatic moments by besting the male rocks. Vanquishing a man's trip % by spreading trip 10s, for instance, kindles more radiance in the cheeks of a celibate, frowzy-frocked female of 50 than a pot of Jell-O. Seeking retribution, a man so vanquished by the cards sometimes provokes a game of verbal badminton with cunne-dipped shuttlecocks. One fellow I saw so incited a female rock that she overstepped the rules and swore. This triggered a man at a nearby table to jump up and protest. "Quiet there. Don't you see there are gentlemen present!"

One afternoon, when the Gardena Club was particularly crowded and a long list of initials on the blackboard made it seem unlikely that Tex would be summoned to play by a floorman, I tentatively introduced what I thought was a delicate topic: poker cheats. To my surprise, far from displaying reticence, Tex discussed the subject freely, and while he made it clear that he felt a poker cheat is as culpable as a thief, there was nothing sanctimonious in his tone. To Tex a poker cheat is merely a concomitant nuisance of the game he loves, to be dispatched the way an avid fisherman, knee-deep in a trout stream, whacks mosquitoes off his head.

"Well, I've always said this," he began. "If a guy robs a bank, that's a federal offense. But if a guy robs a poker game, well, not much happens to him. Now, look at the ceiling here at the Gardena." (Tex didn't point but I followed his eyes.) "That's our spy-in-the-sky system. We have 35 one-way portholes up there, and behind five of them are telescopes that can be pinpointed on any one of the 280 seats in the house. If one of the floormen—and they're always watching for it—suspects anything, like someone dealing seconds or holding out, one of the managers will go upstairs and train the scope on him. If he's cheating, out he goes. No fuss, mind you. The manager just comes to the table, leans over the fellow and maybe tells him

quietly that there's someone in the office wants to see him. But while he's whispering in the cheat's ear the manager will run his thumb nail horizontally across the guy's back. Maybe just a few inches so that no one else notices. But every cheat knows what that means. It's the gambling signal that the game's up. Now, in the old days here, if they caught a cheat they'd chip-rack him—take away his chips and divide them among the players at the table. But they don't do that now. The law says they can't go through a man's pockets, either, so if a guy is up to something and afraid of getting caught he might try to go south with his chips. Get them into his pockets, that is. It's against the house rules to take chips off the table unless you're cashing in, but if a guy can hold out cards he can usually go south with some chips without being seen. Now, in Texas, if a fellow got caught cheating, well, he was in trouble. But here, like I say, there's not much they can do except bar him.

"The Gardena clubs work pretty close, you know. If they catch a cheat a description goes out right away and he's on the blacklist. Caught a fat old lady here last year holding out, and when they took her into the office she turned out to be a fellow on the blacklist in disguise. The clubs here have got to keep the games honest, you see. They've got a lot at stake. Heck, the six Gardena clubs take in over \$50,000 a day. That's big business. So when they catch a cheat they strip him of his right to play.

"Only cheat I ever recall who didn't lose his right to play was a fellow named Phil. But that wasn't in Gardena. Phil worked the old Airport Club in Seal Beach 20 miles south of here. The club's closed now—the town voted it out—but it went pretty strong between '49 and '53. Operated 24 hours a day. Did their best business at dawn when the Gardena clubs closed and all the losers drove down to recoup. Since Seal Beach closed, if a guy wants action after 5 a.m. he has to drive to Vegas, and there are lots that do it. Anyway, this fellow Phil was quite a card. He was a nervous little guy about 50 who always wore a baseball cap and looked something like old Jimmy Gleason in the movies. Phil was

continued



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POOR continued

a gambler, but a bad one. He'd bet on anything. Had what you might call gambling tapeworm. Nothing turned out right for poor Phil. He must've had a hundred jobs. He had a brother-in-law who was a pit boss over in Reno, and when Phil went bust one time this brother-in-law gave him a job as a shill at the crap tables. At \$15 a day it wasn't so bad, but Phil blew it the first day. He'd been shilling at a slow table for an hour or so betting the house's chips when suddenly he just disappeared. They found him later, shootin' craps at a rival casino down the street. "Well," Phil told his brother-in-law, "I wasn't havin' any luck at your table." He stayed in Reno a bit trying to learn to be a bust-out craps man—you know, a guy who palms the legit dice and throws in phonies so that a crooked casino can bust a big winner. But old Phil was just too clumsy. Hell, he couldn't palm a speck of dust without gettin' caught.

"Phil saved up a little cash one time and invested it in a hold-out machine. I saw it once—real fine job. Custom-tailored. Fit under his shirt, you see, like a vest. One wire ran down inside his shirt-sleeve with a hook on the end, and two others went down inside the trouser legs and into his shoes. When Phil got a card in his palm all he had to do was pump his left foot a few inches and, whoosh, that card just disappeared up his sleeve. When he needed it, he'd pump the right foot and down it came. Well, the regulars at the Airport Club liked Phil, and they didn't mind him trying to cheat in any normal way. Phil was so clumsy they'd always catch him. But with this machine he could be dangerous, so they took it away.

"I heard Phil in the office one day crying like a baby to get his machine back. Swore he'd never use it again inside the club, and he was so darn pitiful about it, telling how hard he'd worked to save the \$350 it cost him, that they gave it back to him. But Phil had a plan. He'd sworn never to use his machine inside the club, but he hadn't said anything about using it outside the club. So Phil would wait in the parking lot until he spotted a fارعous-looking

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transient arriving, and then he'd make his pitch. "Can I show you something, mister?" he'd say. And then he'd open his shirt a bit and give the mark a quick peek at his machine. "I can't lose with this thing," he'd say. "Only trouble is I don't have a stake. Lend me a hundred to get in a game and we'll split the winnings." Well, if Phil found a live one he'd get the hundred and in he'd go. But the first place Phil would head for was the men's room where he'd strip his machine and stow it in a locker. Then, he'd get into a game and play honest. He knew, you see, that if he used his machine inside the club they'd take it away for good. Well, this way if he got lucky he was in good shape—he might even split with the pirate that backed him. If he lost he'd just say he'd forgot to grease the machine."

"Well, why did they let him play at all?" I asked Tex.

"That's the whole point. Phil was such a terrible card player that he always ended up a loser despite his cheating. Phil was a live one, a fish. He'd try anything. One month he'd try copping chips, the next month he acted as a spreader. But it was no use—he flunked in everything."

"If he was so clumsy, what made him think he could get away with copping chips?"

"Actually, now, he wasn't such a bad chip-copper. He used 'chip-cop,' of course. It's a glue you can order from gambling-equipment houses. Put a pinch of it on your palm and a chip will stick there. Now, say someone wins a pot across the table from you and you sort of help him out a little by pushing the chips over. Well, now you bring your hand back and finger your stack, and suddenly it's grown a chip taller. Lots of guys have made a good living just copping chips. But they've got to be able to play a little poker. After all, they've got to win a few pots, because their stack keeps growing. Experienced chip-coppers often keep their chips in a heap, not in a stack, so that it's harder to see new chips arriving. So you've got to watch a guy who keeps his chips in a heap."

"Once Phil persuaded a scamming

continued

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Poker *continued*

combination to let him be their spreader. A good scamming combo can milk a game dry without any hanky-ponky with the cards. Just giving each other signals when to raise and squeeze the poor sucker in the middle. But Phil convinced this outfit that it would be quicker if he spread for them and—

"What was he going to spread?" I asked uneasily.

"Why, the cards, of course! It's the oldest trick in poker. Didn't you know? Now, look. Say you're a cheat. And you're working with a good spreader at the table. Now, pretty soon you're dealt a hand with a four flush, let's say. So you signal your spreader that you need another heart, for example, and he signals back that he's got one for you. O.K., you're set to operate. Your spreader hits the heart for you that's going to make your flush. Hell, you can even afford to raise on the come and get a really big pot going. Here's how. Well, naturally, you draw one to your flush. Heck, you might even make it legit. But if not, you still make your bet. If you get called, well, you simply palm the fifth card, the one that busted your flush, and with your free hand you simply toss your four hearts onto some clear spot on the table near your spreader. Only you toss them in a neat pile so that only the top card shows. And now maybe you say to whoever's in the pot with you, 'Read 'em and weep, they're all blue.' And now, your spreader, as if he's helping to speed up the game, spreads out your cards. Only, of course, he's carrying the fifth heart in his palm, and when he's finished spreading your hand there's going to be five hearts there instead of four. On the next hand dealt, you clean up, that is, you get rid of the extra card you've got by tossing it into the garbage with your discards. Poor old Phil. Couldn't even make it as a spreader. His partners almost lynched him. Twice one day they tossed four flushes onto the table and said, 'Read 'em and weep,' but lime-brained Phil could never keep the signals straight in his head, and both times he palmed the wrong suit and spread out busted flushes.

"Once in a while Phil tried using a 'glimmer,' a 'glim.' Might be his shiny

cigarette lighter or a cup of black coffee next to him on the table. Then, as he dealt, he'd pass the cards over it. He could read the whole table that way, of course. Only trouble was Phil couldn't remember who had what. But Phil's real ambition was to be a straight "mechanic" who can stack the deck. So Phil practiced lots. He spent hours in front of a mirror, like the pros do, trying to catch himself stacking the deck when he used a haymow shuffle—the side-handed shuffle that looks like you're throwing cards into a box. Like I've always said, I'm afraid of only two things in this world, lightning and a haymow shuffle. He was making progress, too, until he got real unlucky and had to quit cards for good."

"What happened to him?"

Tex shook his head gravely. "Arthritis. Rheumatoid arthritis. Right in the fingers."

"Now what does he do?" I asked.

"Well, the last I heard of poor Phil he was working as a claim agent in Vegas."

"You mean a straight job? Something to do with land or mining claims?"

"No, no. He was a claim agent at a crap table. You know, claiming other people's bets."

On my final visit to the Gardena Club I intrepidly had my initials listed on the board, and with the floorman's summons, "D.M., to three-and-six low," my test was at hand. Tex Tunnell, noting the table I was headed for, paternally advised me.

"Watch yourself, now. You're stepping into real slow company—three of our most patient ladies-in-waiting. Real rocks. Those two sitting next to each other are Sheila and Charybdis, and the white-haired one who's knitting is Madame Defarge. Play tight."

Tex was right. Five hours later I checked my stack and my watch. I was down \$100 and had only an hour to make my plane to New York. Last two rounds, I vowed. With a little luck I could still get even. But if not, I thought, hell, there are lots of planes.

Sure, maybe I'd just take the next one.

END

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When Harvard Met Brown It Wasn't Ice Polo

A lot of weird games between a lot of scrub teams probably were played on ice before Jan. 19, 1898, but on that day modern intercollegiate hockey competition was officially born **by JOHN HANLON**

On the snapping-cold morning of Jan. 19, 1898 seven young men of Brown University boarded the train for Boston at Providence carrying bulky equipment bags. On arrival, they took a trolley car to Franklin Park, an suburban Dorchester, and there, on a crowded pond, played Harvard in the first college ice hockey game on firm record in the U.S.

The term "firm record" is significant because there are several claims in varied publications to a similar first. All the claims, however, are vague in setting down definite teams, dates and places, they are tales as fragile as ice shavings.

Some of them refer to a game known at the time as "ice polo." This game, which was played with a ball, was popular toward the end of the last century, but was essentially different from hockey in the number of players per side and in the equipment they used. Other claims refer to matches of one kind or the other between amateur clubs rather than colleges, and still others are unquestionably nothing more than myths.

The Brown-Harvard game at Franklin Park is thoroughly documented and pedgreed. To trace its ancestry one must go back a few more years still, to the doings of one Malcolm G. Chace, a young man from Rhode Island who has been referred to as the "father" of ice hockey not only at Brown and at Yale but throughout the entire U.S.

Chace, who began his college career at Brown and later transferred to Yale, was a championship tennis player but merely a dabbler at ice polo. In the early fall of 1892 he went to Niagara Falls, N.Y., to play in an international tennis tournament. Among the participants were a number of Canadians, and they and Chace spent considerable time talking about winter sports in their respective regions. Among other things, they discovered that they were all playing dif-

ferent versions of more or less the same game on ice, though some of them called it ice polo, others hockey. As a result, members of the Victoria hockey team of Montreal invited Chace and Robert Duffield Wrenn of Harvard, another ice polo player (and later national singles tennis champion) to visit Montreal for a firsthand look at Canadian hockey.

The two made the visit the next winter. Chace by then was a freshman at Brown and Wrenn a junior at Harvard. About the same time George Wright of Boston, a sportsman who was later to become the Wright of the Wright and Ditson sporting goods firm, first saw the game of ice hockey as the Canadians played it. All three, each in his own fashion, were taken by its possibilities. Chace and Wrenn tried to transfer their new enthusiasm to their ice polo colleagues. The effort was not an immediate and entire success.

Wright fared little better. He came back with an armful of hockey sticks and several pucks, and early the next winter dumped the lot in Providence, where Brown University's ice polo team was practicing on Railroad Pond east of the city. He invited the players to try the equipment.

"All afternoon the polo players pushed the puck around the rough ice," an unnamed reporter wrote later of the experiment. "Darkness found not one of them enthusiastic over the new game."

By that time Malcolm Chace had transferred from Brown to Yale. And in the fall of 1894, while his ex-classmates were scoffing in Providence, he was energetically pushing ice hockey in New Haven. Indeed, from that base Chace organized the coup that probably, as much as any one incident, lifted ice hockey above ice polo at this critical stage of development. With Wright's help, Chace managed to gather together a group of col-

lege students who favored the newer game, and arranged for them to go to Canada for a series of hockey matches during the Christmas holidays of the school year 1894-95.

Chace served as the captain and also the player-coach. Wright was a sort of manager. From Yale, along with Chace, came A. C. Foote. Harvard was represented by F. H. Clarkson. From Columbia there was William A. Larned (another later tennis champion), and from Brown came three—William A. Jones, George Matteson and Alexander Meiklejohn. Also on the roster was Byron Watson of Brown, who had to withdraw before departure time, and C. M. Pope, a nonplaying New York newspaperman.

This team called itself—with some presumption—the All-Americans, and as such left for Canada on Dec. 26, 1894 for a schedule of five games that took them through Jan. 6 and carried them to Montreal, Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa and back to Montreal again.

"Too much cannot be said in praise of the way the Canadians welcomed and entertained the Americans," said the *Brown Daily Herald* in its Jan. 12, 1895 edition. "From morning until night they did all in their power to make their visit a pleasant one, and they succeeded perfectly. Special cars met the Americans at different places to carry them about. They were invited to dinner after dinner, besides numerous receptions . . . they were taken on drives, sleigh rides and ice-yachting parties, in fact every attention that could possibly be shown them was given them, regardless of expense or trouble."

By agreement, they were to play a hybrid game. One period was to be played under the rules of ice hockey, the other ice polo. In the changeover this meant, essentially, that a puck would replace a ball, that the sticks used in the

continued

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what happens
to it
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happens
to it**

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Harvard vs. Brown

hockey period would be the flat-bladed variety as opposed to the curved-end sticks of the ice polo period and that there would be seven on a side for the hockey and five for the polo.

There are almost as many accounts of the outcome of the games as there were All-Americans to provide memoirs. The consensus is that the Americans lost all the ice hockey periods, though there is one soft claim that they defeated McGill University at its own game. All the Americans claim that they won all the ice polo periods.

Whatever the case, they had a lot of fun and learned much about the bases of the game and its Canadian equipment. After the trip the All-Americans went back into the college world as hockey disciples. Mudgejohn fostered the game the next year at Cornell, where he went for graduate study. Chace finally got it established at Yale (a room in Yale's rink was dedicated in his name), and Wright kept at it for business purposes. Even Pope, the newspaperman, did his part. He was a leader in the drive to raise the funds that led to the construction at the turn of the century of the hockey rink at St. Nicholas Arena in New York.

In the season of 1897-98 Brown went all out for ice hockey. At the same time Harvard was changing over to the new game from ice polo. According to the *Brownian*, a weekly magazine devoted mainly to Brown's literary life, the Providence team elected to practice all through its Christmas vacation "so that in spite of difficulties and disadvantages we may hope to be well represented."

Judging by subsequent results, the Bruins undoubtedly were trim and tough when on that chill Wednesday in January they headed out for Franklin Park. The temperature was 21° when they headed down College Hill to catch the train and rose only a few degrees above freezing at its highest. The cost for the round trip via the Boston and Providence Railroad was \$2. Harvard had sent along a guarantee of \$1 per man, or \$7, to help defray Brown's expenses for the day.

At Franklin Park no dressing quarters were available, but then, except for the cold, the process of donning uniforms was quite uncomplicated. Each man wore a bulky sweater, not necessarily of the same design except for the rolled turtle neck, baseball trousers and

heavy wool stockings. If a player chose to, he might wear thin pads over the stockings. Gloves were of the standard knit variety. The costume was topped off with a cap or a toque or nothing at all, according to the player's choice. The skates were comparably nonreg.

"We bought our own skates," wrote Horace Day, one of the stars of the Brown team. "They were of the clamp variety, which you attached to ordinary shoes either with a little lever to make them hold or with a key that screwed them on. Occasionally they worked loose. They cost about \$6."

Hockey sticks cost from 60¢ to \$1 and were expected to last. Day and his fellow forward, Charles Cooke, claimed they used only one stick apiece in all their college games. "When mine became worn," Day wrote later, "I had a piece of hardwood riveted to it to restore the original width. When playing, I could hear the rivets digging into the ice, but the stick held up."

For ice space at Franklin Park the teams simply commandeered a patch at one end of the crowded pond, but the pleasure skaters stand aside, and set up poles to mark the goals. Two incidents occurred that underlined the informality of the affair.

First, members of the Brown team noticed that one of Harvard's players was George Matteson, Brown '96, a veteran of the Canadian campaign with Chase's All-Americans. Matteson was at Harvard studying medicine. There was no protest on Brown's part, for, as Cooke said some years afterward, he himself later played for the Yale freshmen while a medical student at New Haven. "Things were pretty flexible then," Cooke said.

The other happened when Harvard's Captain Fred Goodridge noticed that Brown had only seven players on hand.

"Where are your substitutes?" Captain Goodridge inquired of Brown's Captain Irving O. (Hoppy) Hunt.

"We don't need any," Hoppy replied tartly and, as it developed, he was right.

The Boston Herald had its man on the scene, and the lead paragraph of his story in the next day's paper noted the occasion by stating that it was Harvard's first intercollegiate game in its first season in "the favorite Canadian pastime." Considering this acknowledgment of the team's inexperience, he thereafter seemed to be peevishly concerned about the way

continued

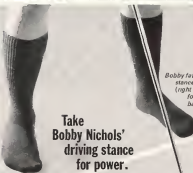
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Harvard vs. Brown

Harvard performed. Rather waspishly, it would seem, he proclaimed that the Crimson "dren a blank," that its players "were erratic and fell over one another and "still had a great deal to learn."

And so, it would appear, did he, for his account was run through with tennis from other games until the reader, too, might well draw a blank. To wit: "As the ball was in scrimmage almost all the while, with the Harvard players all bunched, Brown University frequently secured opportunities for a run to goal by clever teamwork when the puck was knocked out of the crowd."

The "Providence collegians," as the *Herald's* reporter termed them, fared much better, critically. "They had speed, they supported one another finely and the passing of the forwards was clean-cut and accurate." This last facility led to the first goal in the first game of all, and it was scored by Horace Day on a pass from Charles Cooke at 7:30 of the first period. The final score was 6-0 for Brown. Cooke scored three times, in the second period, and Captain Hoppy Hunt and Jesse Pevear scored one goal apiece.

Only near the very end was Harvard able to mount an attack. Fittingly, Captain Goodridge brought it off almost singlehanded. He took the puck near his own end and made what was patently "a desperate bid for a goal." He dodged Pevear's attempted body check, eluded Hunt and then snapped a pass to William Lee Beardsell, a forward. "Beardsell connected, all right," the *Herald* reported, "and made a pretty shot for goal, but missed by a very narrow margin."

On that note the inaugural game was done, and all that remained was for someone of a historic bent to see that he commemorated it as such, before one of the other claimants. The race, if race it was, was slow and not really won until 1957. On Feb. 7 of that year the Brown Club of Boston presented a plaque marking the event to Harvard for installation on the wall of its new Donald C. Watson Rink. The plaque reads:

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THE FIRST GAME OF INTERCOLLEGIATE
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HARVARD VS. BROWN
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Pontiac Motor Division

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But are we complacent? Hardly. This year we have new power plants (big 400 cubic inch V-8s are standard),

new models (three new wood-styled station wagons, for example), new colors (twelve), new options (like stereo radio and stereo tape) and a host of new safety features like passenger-guard door locks, General Motors' new energy absorbing steering column and a four-way hazard warning flasher.

In fact, if you want to see what other car makers will think of next, see your Pontiac dealer today.



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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

HOOT AND SADDLE

Sirs:

I am proud for the best Thoroughbred racing story of 1967 should go to Whitney Tower of SI for his three-part article with Bill Hartack (*A Hard Race All the Way*, March 27 et seq.). Never before in the history of the sport has a more serious and honest story been presented. Hartack has been the stormy petrel of racing in modern times. Trainers hate his guts, and sportswriters do belligerent stories about him. Why? Because he speaks the truth!

Some years back, I attended a dinner in New York City and heard Hartack asking for some mounts from a well-known trainer. The man brushed Hartack aside by saying, "Don't bother me. You're too rich for my blood," and he walked away. If being honest is a fault, then Hartack is guilty. But the fact that a jockey is condemned because he is honest and rides only to win stands out as one of the biggest black marks on Thoroughbred racing. Bill Hartack's story in SI should keep some trainers and sportswriters awake nights. That is, if they have a conscience. Then again, in a sport where money is the devil, who has a conscience?

J. J. RANDY

Clifton, N.J.

Sirs:

Some of what Hartack had to say he has said before (SI, June 24, 1963), but it is refreshing to see that the man is consistent. His frankness and sincerity are admirable, and it is unfortunate that those owners and trainers who shut him now do not measure the man by what he has proven he does best: ride and win horse races.

JOSEPH J. PUNTILIA

King of Prussia, Pa.

NOT BY BREAD ALONE

Sirs:

John D. MacDonald's letter (19TH HOLE, April 3) makes a lot of sense. Golf is becoming more and more of a spectator sport, probably because of the good TV coverage and the ever-increasing size of the purses. We oldtimers may nostalgically bemoan the ascendancy of the touring pro over the teaching pro, but we also realize that we are witnessing the maturity of a new spectator sport that is drawing nongolfers as well as golfers into its fold. Therefore, the touring pro's proficiency should not be measured solely by the amount of money he earns, but rather by his performance vs. the performances of his competitors, both present and past. A percentage analysis, as Mr. MacDonald points out, would create even more interest in golf as a spectator sport. And the viewing public has already been conditioned to such

comparisons by the percentage methods used in other sports.

Steps have been taken in this direction. Witness George Archer's win at Greensboro, which, according to the Masters point system, qualified him for that event. It should not take too much doing to get such a system enlarged to the point where all golfers can be compared on a competitive basis.

My congratulations to Mr. MacDonald on his idea.

RALPH G. BATES

Monterey, Calif.

HAT MEN

Sirs:

As a wrestling fan I was happy to see that you covered the NCAA University Division wrestling championships (*Debraux Decried for a Hammer Sparrow Crew*, April 3). But while you gave fine coverage to the first-, second-, third-, fourth-, sixth- and seventh-place teams, you seem to have forgotten the fifth-place finisher, Portland State College. Portland State had previously swept through the NCAA College Division championships with a record team score of 86 points. But the final insult was that you did not even mention that PSC's Rick Sanden was selected as the outstanding wrestler of the tournament.

It took two years for the NCAA to notice us. I hope SI catches on a bit sooner.

DONALD J. CROTA

Portland, Ore.

Sirs:

Congratulations. I had searched many magazines and the sports sections of two supposedly good papers in Los Angeles and found no mention of wrestling. With all the yelling and screaming devoted to collegiate basketball and swimming, it was refreshing to find someone who remembered some of the guys who have to train and work the hardest to be winners. In fact, SI covered all three sports that week. Three cheers to you and to Michigan State for winning the title.

L. B. STETSON

Los Angeles

CHANNELED THINKING

Sirs:

It seems to be traditional for newspapers and magazines to view with alarm what you have termed television's "moving in" on sports. So there is ample precedent (if no logic) for your editorial question, "Should Arnold Go Show Biz?" (*SCORECARD*, March 13).

The burden of proof also falls on your editorial writer if his statement that television has "staged, manipulated, gimmicked up" the sports it covers is to be taken seri-

ously. Was it CBS and not 200 hitters that put the Yankees in the cellar? And as for the "fair editorial comment" he mentions, what's so fair about his contending, without any evidence to support the contention, that there's something deplorable about drawing a paycheck from a TV network? (How will I explain that to my mother?)

Despite the many reservations expressed by writers and columnists over television's involvement in sports, I simply do not hear from my friends outside the industry the opinion that television has distorted their views in any respect. The fact is they are highly aware that television has undermined the adjective in the phrase "spectator sport." The medium has touched off a boom in sports, not to mention the sale of certain expensive magazines, and the whole public now gets free of charge the kind of look at sports events that used to be reserved for sportswriters and the well-to-do.

Could it just be, fellows, that you are hearing the sound of a different drummer?

ROBERT D. KASHIRE

Vice-President

Corporate Information, NBC

New York City

Sirs:

SI is getting to be a humor magazine. You state that even when television has no financial stake in teams "it has shown a singular inability to function in the proper role of unbiased reporter."

Now, really? Do you think that SI functions in its proper role of unbiased reporter? Never yet have I read an article in which the reporter didn't place his own interpretation on the event (many times, of course, with very disparaging remarks), and every "news" article seems to be an editorial instead of a report. Let him who is without sin cast the first stone.

WALTON F. EBBLEN

Wheaton, Ill.

TOOLING UP

Sirs:

Congratulations to William Leggett for showing the folks in Baltimore that they don't have the only team in the American League (*Detroit's Refrain Is Mus and Sox*, April 3). I'm sure that the close relationship between the players and coaches will bring a long-awaited pennant to the Motor City.

DOON SVENSON

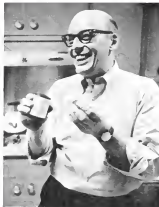
Travis AFB, Calif.

HANEY, TOO

Sirs:

I fear Mr. William Leggett, in his article on Stan Musial (*Stanley, the General Manager*, March 29), failed to heed Horace

continued



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19TH HOLE continued

Greeley's advice. If he had gone West he'd have found that the California Angels' general manager, Fred Haney, was also an active major league player. So, rather than the four men listed, there are at least five who can be grouped in this category. However, Stan the Man still stands out as one of a kind.

LEW BOHACHE

Los Angeles

STICKS AND STONES

Sirs:

Recognition was certainly overdue for that spunky lacrosse power on the Eastern Shore, Washington College (*The Game on the Eastern Shore*, March 27), but SI certainly missed the big one in Maryland.

For 26 years Johns Hopkins has been trying to defeat the kings of lacrosse, the Mount Washington Lacrosse Club. This year Hopkins, fielding a team predominantly made up of soph and juniors, put together a hard-hitting defense and well-executed attack to rout Mount Washington 10-4. I'm disappointed that the score wasn't mentioned in your magazine.

STANLEY E. FISHER

Baltimore

Sirs:

In her explanation of the difference between lacrosse northern and southern style, Rose Mary Mechem makes a fleeting reference to the lack of teamwork, the lack of cohesion and the general lack of everything else on the CCNY lacrosse team, of which I am proud to be a member. Specifically, she cites City College players' disregard for skilled suckwork in their desire to knock a man down. She seems to have forgotten to mention the reasons for the tougher style of play in the north. In the first place, most City players have never played lacrosse before entering college, so that the most experienced will have no more than three years behind him. Secondly, many City players have a football background and tend to think in terms of contact. Teamwork is strongly stressed at City, with contact coming in second. Coach George Baron, who does a great job with experienced students, is improving this skill.

NEIL GOLDSTEIN

BEDON, N. Y.

Sirs:

I commend you on the fine article on lacrosse. The photographs by Richard Meek and the story by Rose Mary Mechem were excellent and paid fitting tribute to a fine college, a fine coach and a fine sport. I hope you will continue to publish more such articles.

GEORGE M. CHANDLER JR.
Past President
U.S. Lacrosse Coaches' Association

Baltimore

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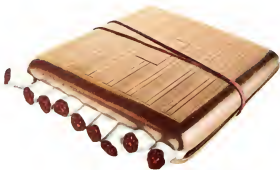
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